THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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HOW LILLIAN WAS LOST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Beautiful bird of the snow-white wing,
Whither away? whither away?—
Over the blue seas wandering?"

"I have flown a long bright space to-day—
I seek a radiant, far off isle,
Where the year rolls on through the endless May!"

"Beautiful bird, do the sunbeams smile
On the golden strand of that lovely shore?
And may I come in a little while?"

"Oh forevermore! and forevermore
The sunbeams glow, and the roses shine!
And on the strand of that happy shore

"Are costlier gems than these shells of mine
There the sweet birds come thro' the gates o' the South,
The blue waves plash, and the low winds pine!"

She kissed the bird with her rosy mouth—
She kissed his wing, and his snow-white breast,
And on from the myrtle scented South

He flew to the beautiful isle of rest—
Fading away like the morning star,
Or the flash of the sea wave's foamy crest!

But, alas for his legend sweet and wild—
He left the gates of the South ajar,
And out of them wandered the sinless child!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Maryland.

THREE KINDS OF FOLLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."

SEASON THE SECOND.

CHAPTER V.

There is no misfortune on earth like a troubled conscience: there is nothing that will wear the spirits and the frame like a burdensome secret that may not be told. It will blanch the cheek and sicken the heart; it will render the day a terror and the bed weary: so that the unhappy victim will be tempted to say with Job, When shall I arise and the night be gone, and he is full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day: his sleep is scared with dreams and terrified with visions.

Strange that it should be thus with a young and lovely woman, one not yet two years married. The previous season Mrs. Oscar Dalrymple had been the gayest of the gay in the London world, and now she had come to town again, but much changed. Could it be illness which had changed her? Scarcely. For although she had passed through a fever in the winter, the traces of it were gone now, and she was entirely recovered from it.

The season was at its height, and Mrs. Dalrymple was plunging into its vanities headlong, when Mr. Dalrymple, in quitting the house one afternoon, encountered a young lady who walked lame.

"Ah, Alice!" said he. "Have you come to London?"

"We arrived yesterday," replied the young lady, who was the sister of Mrs. Dalrymple and the cousin of her husband. "Is Selina at home?"

"Yes she is, for a wonder. Waiting for somebody she intends to go out with."

"How is she?"

"I cannot tell you how she is. Very strange, it seems to me."

"I have been anxious about her," replied Miss Dalrymple, "for in a letter I received a few weeks ago from Mrs. Cleveland, she said she thought Selina anything but well."

"Take my arm, Alice, and walk with me a few paces," said Mr. Dalrymple. "There's something the matter with Selina, and I cannot make it out," he continued. "She acts, for all the world, as if she had committed murder. I told her so the other day."

"Committed murder!" echoed the astonished Alice Dalrymple.

"She's frightened at her own shadow. When the post used to come in at the Grange she would watch for the boy, dart down, and seize the letters, as if she feared I might read the directions of hers. When she was recovering from that fever, and I would take her letters in to her, she became blanched and scared. Often I ask her questions, or address remarks to her, and she is buried in her own thoughts and cannot hear me. She starts and moans in her sleep; and more than once I have awoke in the middle of the night and found her gone from the bed and pacing the dressing-room."

"You alarm me," exclaimed Alice. "What can it be?"

"I have thought that she was pining after London fooleries, but——"

"Oh, no," interrupted Alice, "that could not cause her to start from her bed at night."

"I was going to say so. And now that she is in the midst of them again, she is no better. Alice, she is mad after these gaieties and follies, worse than she was last year: and that need not be. I wished not to come this season, and told Selina the expense, last, had been such that I could not afford it, but she would. She would, Alice. I wonder what it is that chains her mind to this Babel of a city. I hate it."

Mrs. Dalrymple was in her bed-room when Alice entered, dressed, and waiting to go out: dressed with expensive elegance. When the first moments of meeting had passed, Alice sat down and looked at her: her cheek was thin, and its brilliant bloom told more of hectic than of health.

"Selina!" exclaimed Alice, "what is the matter? You are much altered."

"Am I? People do alter. You are altered. You look ill."

"Not more so than usual," replied Alice. "I get weaker with time. But you are ill: I can see it. You look as if you had something preying on your mind."

"Nonsense," said Selina, starting from her sister. "You are fanciful."

"What is it?" persisted Alice.

"If I have, your knowing it would do me no good, and would worry you. And yet," added Mrs. Dalrymple, "I think I will tell you. I have felt lately, Alice, that if I did not tell somebody I should go mad."

Alice rose, and laid gentle hold of her.

"Let us sit down on the sofa as we used to sit together at the Grange, when we were really sisters. But, Selina, if you have wanted a confidant in any grief, who so fit as your husband?"

"He!" shrieked Selina—"*he!* It is the dread of his knowing it, the anxiety I am at, daily and hourly, to keep it from him, that is wearing me out. Sometimes I think I can no longer wage the war," she added, in a dread whisper, "but must put an end to it all, as Charles did."

Alice Dalrymple's blood seemed to curdle as she listened to the last words, and her face turned of a ghastly whiteness. She could not answer them, she did not dare to answer, or to remonstrate.

"What have you done?" she shivered.

"Ruined him, and ruined myself," was Mrs. Dalrymple's reply, untying her bonnet and jerking it from her head on to her lap. "You think I have a happy home; if you could only see what that home has been to me of late!"

"Selina!" exclaimed her sister, faintly, "you are trying me beyond my strength. Why keep me in suspense? Of what nature is your fault?"

"Debt," was Mrs. Dalrymple's curt response. "I have contracted debts that neither he nor I can pay, thousands upon thousands: and they are rendering my life a—I will not say what—upon earth."

"Debts! thousands upon thousands!" confusedly uttered Alice Dalrymple.

"It is so."

"How did you contract them? Not as—as—Charles did? Surely you have not that infatuation upon you?"

"No," answered Selina, gloomily, "not that. As bad a one though. I owe it all for dress."

"I do not understand," repeated Alice, after a pause of astonishment.

"I do. Dameresu's bill for last season was between three and four thousand pounds. It is over four thousand now."

Alice Dalrymple felt bewildered. She did not quite understand, even yet.

"It is not possible for one person to owe all that in a year," she said.

"Not possible?" repeated Mrs. Dalrymple. "Some ladies—and I could tell their names—spent double; treble; four times what I did."

"And so they led you on?"

"Something led me on. If one is in the world, one must dress."

"No, Selina; not as you have done. Not to ruin. The generality of people, even those with a small income, as yours is, do not dress beyond their means."

"And make sights of themselves. I don't choose to."

"Better that and have peace of mind," remarked Alice.

"Peace of mind! peace of mind!" returned Mrs. Dalrymple; "do not mention it to me. I shall never know it again."

"Oh, Selina, I hope you will. I hope some remedy may be found. How much do you say you owe?"

"There's four thousand to Dameresu, and—"

"Who is Dameresu?"

"Goodness, Alice, if you never did come to town till this season, you ought to know who she is, without asking. Madame Dameresu's the great milliner and dressmaker; everybody goes to her. You are as ignorant as a child. Then I owe for India shawls, and lace, and jewels: and furs and things. I owe six thousand pounds if I owe a farthing."

"What a sum!" echoed Alice, aghast. "Six thousand pounds!"

"Ay, you may well repeat it! Which of the queens was it who said that when she died the name of Calais would be found engraven on her heart? Mary, I think. Were I to die, those two words, 'six thousand,' would be found engraven on mine. They are never absent from me. I see them written up in figures in my dreams; I see them as I walk: in the ball-room, in the theatre, in the park, they are buzzing in my ears: when I wake from my troubled sleep they come rushing over me, and I start from my bed, sick and terrified, and cannot escape them."

"You must have dressed in silver and gold," uttered poor Alice.

"No; only in what cost it; in such things as these," said Mrs. Dalrymple, pulling at her bonnet with both hands, in irritation so passionate, that it was torn in two.

"Oh, pray! pray!" Alice interposed, but too late to prevent the catastrophe. "Your beautiful bonnet! Selina, it must have cost three or four guineas. What a waste!"

"Tush!" peevishly replied Mrs. Dalrymple, flinging the wrecks to the middle of the room. "A bonnet more or less—what does it matter?"

Alice sat, in thought: looking very grave, very pained, very perplexed.

"It appears to me that you are on a wrong course altogether, Selina. The imprudence already committed cannot be helped, but you might strive to redeem it."

"Strive against a whirlpool," sarcastically responded Mrs. Dalrymple.

"You are getting deeper into it: by your own admission, you are having new things every day. It is adding fuel to fire."

"I can't go naked."

"But you must have a large stock of dresses by you."

"Do you think I would appear in last year's things? I can't, and I won't. You do not understand these matters, Alice, and cannot be expected to know better."

"Then you ought not to go out; you ought to have stopped at the Grange."

"I could not stop there. I was eating away my heartstrings. Excitement is necessary to me to drown care."

"You can only do one thing," observed Alice, after a pause of reflection: "confess all to your husband. If things are so bad, they must be kept from getting worse."

"Be quiet, Alice. Do not mention his name. *That* is adding fuel to fire, if you like."

"It is cruel to suffer him to incur the expense attendant on another London season. If you object to tell him the truth yourself, shall I do it? I shall not like the task, but for your sake—"

"Hold your tongue, I say, Alice," was the excited interruption. "How dare you offer to interfere between me and my husband?"

"Selina, do be calm. If you take it in this light of course I must be silent. There is no cause for your agitation; I should not speak to Oscar without your full permission. How strangely you are altered!"

"I have had enough to alter me."

"What is to be the end of all this?" resumed Alice, speaking the words in a musing tone, rather than as a question.

"Ah, that's it! The End. But you need not hasten it. And, as if the thought of that were not enough, I have another worry on me now."

"What else?" sighed Miss Dalrymple.

"Dameresu is pressing for her money," replied Selina. "She has hinted that she cannot give me further credit."

"The very best thing that could happen," thought her sister.

"What a shame it is, that there should be so much worry in the world!" fretfully exclaimed Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Three parts of the worry we create ourselves," replied Alice; "we bring it on by our own acts. And no worry ought to have the power very seriously to disturb our peace," she continued, in a whisper.

"No, Alice, I know what you are hinting at; you are going to bring up some of those religious notions of yours. They will be worse than lost upon me. One cannot live with one's body in this world, and one's heart in the next."

"Oh, yes we can," said Alice, earnestly. "We—"

"Well, I don't suppose I am going into the next, yet; unless I torment myself out of this one; so don't go on about it," was the graceless reply of Mrs. Dalrymple. But as Alice rose to leave, her mood changed.

"Forgive my fractiousness, Alice; indeed you would excuse it if you only knew how truly miserable I am. It makes me savage with myself, and with everybody else."

"Ma'am," interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple's maid, entering the room, "Lady Burnham is at the door, waiting for you."

"I am not going out to-day," answered her mistress, rising. "I have changed my mind."

"Oh, my patience!" uttered the maid, "what's this? Why, ma'am, it's never your bonnet!"

She stooped over the two pieces in astonishment: then she went to pick them up, but her mistress was too quick for her.

No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre: I fear the same may be said of woman.

"Bother the bonnet," was the undignified reply of Mrs. Dalrymple, as she kicked the pieces farther away. Ann humbly followed them to the far-off corner, and there took them into her hands. "Reach me another bonnet," said Mrs. Dalrymple; "I think I will go, after all. What's the use of staying brooding in-doors?"

"Which one, ma'am?"

"Oh, I don't know. Bring some out."

Alice took her departure, as an array of bonnets, new and costly, were being displayed for her sister's difficult choice.

Mrs. Dalrymple went down, and took her seat in Lady Burnham's carriage. The latter was full of pleasurable excitement, and imparted to Selina some particulars she had learnt of the marriage festivities about to be held in a family of their acquaintance, to which they were both invited. Lady Burnham was then on her road to Madame Dameresu's, to order a suitable toilette for it, one that would eclipse everybody's but the bride's. Mrs. Dalrymple, in listening, momentarily forgot her cares; when carried out of herself by the preparations for these pomps and vanities, she occasionally did so. Do not let the reader demur to the sense implied by "the preparations." It was only when carried away by the excitement of the preparations that she did so forget: in the enacting of the pomps and vanities themselves, when they were before her in all their glory, and she made one of the bedizened crowd, her nightmare was then sure to be upon her; the skeleton in the closet would, at those festive times, be exceeding prominent and bare. The reader may be a philosopher, a grave old F. R. S., very learned in searching out cause and effect; I am not; so he will account for this much better than I shall, if he wants it accounted for.

From the discussion of the wedding programme, the breakfast in the morning and the ball in the evening, Lady Burnham proceeded to the attire; what she meant to wear herself, and what she recommended to Selina. Selina's mouth watered; and the carriage stopped at Madame Dameresu's. Mrs. Dalrymple's orders there amounted to £90.

That same evening Mrs. Dalrymple was dressing for what Sam Weller's friend called a swarry, when her husband entered the room.

"Selina, here's somebody down stairs, asking to see you."

"Who?" rejoined Mrs. Dalrymple, her pulses quickening; which they were apt to do now, at any similar vague announcement.

"A lady. Mrs. Cooper, I think James said when he showed her in. I came away, not knowing her."

Selina knew that there was a Mrs. Cooper in the establishment of Madame Dameresu, a partner, she fancied, or book-keeper, or something like that. She had seen her once or twice; a ladylike woman who had been reduced.

"Let Mrs. Cooper come up here," she said to the maid. "Oscar, we don't want you."

"Thank you for telling me, Selina. I was not thinking to remain."

He passed into his dressing-room as he spoke, closing the door, and Mrs. Cooper entered.

"I come from Madame Dameresu," she began, taking the chair that Selina pointed to. "She hopes——"

"For goodness' sake speak low!" interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple, in ill-concealed terror. "Mr. Dalrymple is only in the next room, and I do not wish him to hear all my private affairs. These London walls are thin. She wants money, I suppose."

"She hopes, madam, that your will make it convenient to let her have some," said Mrs. Cooper, sinking her voice to a whisper. "A small portion of the bill."

"I expect I shall soon be able to do so," replied Mrs. Dalrymple. "Just now I cannot."

"Only a few hundred pounds," she said. "That is but trifling, compared with the whole sum, which amounts now to——"

"Oh, I know what it amounts to, I can guess it, near enough," hastily interposed Mrs. Dalrymple. "In the course of a week or two I will see what I can do."

Poor Selina, at her wits' end for excuses, had said "in the course of a week or two" so many times now, that Madame Dameresu had got tired of hearing the phrase.

Mrs. Cooper hesitated, not much liking her errand. "She bade me say, madam, that she was extremely sorry to cause inconvenience, but that she cannot execute the order you gave to-day, unless she previously receives some money."

"Not execute it!" uttered Selina, with flashing eyes. "What do you mean by saying such a thing to me!"

"Madam, I am but the agent of Madame Dameresu. I can only speak as she requires me."

"True," answered Selina, softening; "it is not your fault. But I must have the things. You will get them for me, will you not?" she said, in an accent of entreaty, feeling that she was speaking to a gentlewoman, although one who but held a situation at a milliner's. "Oh, pray use your influence! get her to let me have them."

Mrs. Cooper stood in distress, for she was one of those refined spirits who cannot bear to cause, or to witness, pain. "If it depended upon me, indeed you should have them," she answered, "but I have no influence of that nature with Madame Dameresu. She is not one to allow the slightest interference, on my part, between her and her ladies; were I to attempt it, I might lose my place in her house, and be turned out again to struggle with the world."

"Has it been a harsh world to you?" inquired Selina, pityingly.

"Oh, yes," was Mrs. Cooper's answer, "or I should not be where I am now. And I am thankful to be there," she hastily added: "I would not seem ungrateful for the mercy that has followed me in my misfortunes."

"I think misfortunes are the lot of all," spoke Selina. "What can I do to induce Madame Dameresu to furnish me these things?"

"Perhaps you had better call and see her yourself, madam," replied Mrs. Cooper, relapsing into her ostensible position. "I will try and say a word to her to-night that may prepare her."

"I will see her to-morrow. Thank you," replied Mrs. Dalrymple, ringing for Mrs. Cooper to be shown out.

Mrs. Dalrymple finished dressing and went forth to the evening's gaiety with what spirits she might. On the following day she proceeded to Madame Dameresu's, but the interview, although Mrs. Cooper had said so much as she dared, was not productive of good. Madame was obstinate and obdurate. Not exactly insolent: she was never that, to her customers' faces: but she and Mrs. Dalrymple both lost their temper, and the latter was impolitic enough to say some cutting things, not only in disparagement of Madame's goods, but about the "cheating prices" she had been charged. Madame Dameresu's face turned sea green, and the interview ended by her stating that if some money was not immediately furnished her, she should sue Mr. Dalrymple for the whole. Selina went away sick at heart: for she read determination on the incensed lips of the Frenchwoman.

Proceeding home and entering her own room, she threw off her things and sat down to think. She did not sit long: her mind was in a state that forbade it—a chaos, driving to desperate action.

"How is this woman to be pacified?" she uttered. "What a fool I was to provoke her! Two or three hundred pounds might do it. Where am I to get them? If she carries out this dreadful threat and appeals to Oscar! Oh!" she shivered, "I must stop that. *I* must get some from him: I will try at once. Ugh! what a curse the want of money is!"

She descended the stairs and entered the dining-room, where her husband was sitting. He was at the table, writing letters, and seemed to be in the midst of business and accounts.

"Oscar."

He looked up. "What is it?"

"Oscar," she said, advancing and standing close to him, "can you let me have a little money?"

"No, that I can't, Selina. I am settling up some payments now, and can only do it by halves. Others I am writing to put off entirely for the present."

He had bent over his writing again, as if the question, being answered, was done with.

"Oscar, I must have it."

"What money do you mean? Some for housekeeping? I can let you have that."

"No, no: for myself. I want—I want—two hundred pounds," she said, jerking it out. She did not dare to say three.

He put down the pen and turned towards her in displeasure. "Selina, I told you before we came to town that I could not have these calls upon me, as I had last year. You know how very small our income is, and you know that your extravagance has already crippled it. The allowance I make you is greater than I can afford: I cannot give you more."

"Oh, Oscar, I must have it," she exclaimed, in excitement, terrified at the aspect her situation presented to her. "Indeed I must—even at an inconvenience."

"To squander away in folly!"

"No. If it were only to squander away, I might do without it, and I cannot do without this."

Mr. Dalrymple looked keenly at her, and she shrank from his gaze.

"Let me know what you want it for: that I may judge of the necessity you speak of. If this is inconvenient to you, Selina, you must be satisfied with my refusal."

"Well, then," she said, goaded into the avowal, "I owe it."

"Owe it! Owe two hundred pounds!—*You!*"

So utter was his astonishment, so blank his dismay, that Selina shuddered inwardly. If her owing two hundred pounds thus impressed him, what would become of her if ever he learnt the whole truth!

"And I am pressed for it," she faintly added. "Pray let me have it, Oscar."

"What have you gone in debt for?"

"Various things," she answered, not caring to avow particulars. But he looked steadfastly at her, waiting for the truth. "Dress."

"The compact between us was that you should not go in debt," he said, in a severe tone. "You have behaved ill to me, Selina."

She bent her head, feeling that she had; oh, feeling it terribly, just then.

"Is this all you owe? All?"

"Y—es." But the falsehood, as falsehoods ought, trembled on her lips.

Without speaking another word, he unsealed a paper in which were enclosed some bank-notes, and handed several to her, to the amount of two hundred pounds.

"Understand me well, Selina, this must never occur again. These notes had a different and urgent destination."

"What an idiot I was not to ask for the other hundred!" was her mental comment, as she escaped from the room. "I wonder whether Alice could lend it me?"

She next applied to her sister, but Alice could not assist her. And night came on, and she went to rest, no further advanced than before.

To rest! It was a mockery of the word. Mrs. Dalrymple passed it, partly in tossing and turning from side to side, partly in pacing another room—as her husband had told Alice he had known her to do; and when morning came and she arose, it was with trembling limbs, a parched throat, and a fevered brain.

Her whole anxiety was to make up this money, three hundred pounds; hoping that it would prove a stop-gap for the milliner, and persuaded that it would be useless to offer less. What was to come, afterwards, and how further stop-gaps would be supplied, she did not now glance at. That evil seemed a hundred and fifty miles off, compared with this.

A faint idea had been looming through her mind. At the commencement, it had neither shape nor form, but by mid-day it had acquired one, and was entertained. She had heard of such things as pledging jewels; she was sure she had heard that even noble ladies, driven to a pinch, so disposed of them. Mrs. Dalrymple locked her bedroom door and reached out hers, and laid them in a heap on the bed.

She began to estimate their value; she reckoned up what they had cost to buy; as nearly as she could remember and judge, it amounted to full five hundred pounds. She supposed she might be able to borrow four hundred upon them: and she decided to do it. Then, if that harpy of a French merchande de modes was not pacified with a small sum, she should have a larger to offer. Yes, and get the things for the wedding breakfast besides.

The relief this determination brought to the mind of Selina Dalrymple, few, never reduced to a similar strait, can picture. It almost took away her weight of care. The job of pledging them would not be a pleasant one, but she must go through with it herself, she had no one to trust. The glittering ornaments were still displayed upon the bed when she heard footsteps approaching the room, and some one knocked and called to her. She grew scared and terrified; for a troubled conscience sees shadows where no shadows are, and here whispered that curious eyes, looking at those ornaments, must divine what she meant to do with them—whether the eyes were those of husband, maid, or sister; and she thought it was her sister's voice who now asked for admittance. With a hasty hand she threw a dress upon the bed, and then another upon the first, and then a heavy one over all. The shining stones were hidden now.

Oscar Dalrymple was sitting over his after-dinner wine, and the street lamps were lighted, when a figure, looking as little like Mrs. Dalrymple as possible, stole out of the house; stole stealthily, and closed the door stealthily behind her, so that neither master nor servant should hear her. She had ransacked her wardrobe for a plain gown and a dark shawl, and her straw bonnet might have served as a model for a Quaker's. She had been out in the afternoon, and marked the shop she meant to go to. A renowned shop in its line, and very respectable, even Selina knew that. She hurried along the streets, not unlike a criminal; had she been going to rob the warerooms of their jewels, instead of offering some to add to their hidden stock, she could not have felt more guilty. When she reached it she hesitated, and could not make up her mind to enter; she took a turn or two before its front, she glanced in at its door, and its window, crowded with goods. She had never been in a pawnbroker's shop in her life, and her idea of its customers were vague: comprising gentlewomen in distress, gliding in as she did, tipsy men carrying their watches in their hand, poor objects out of work, in dilapidated shirt-sleeves, and half-starved women with pillows and flat-irons. It looked quiet, inside; so far as she could see, there did not appear to be a soul. With a desperate effort at resolution she went in.

She stood at the counter, the chief part of the shop being hidden from her. A dark, vulgar-looking man came forward.

"What can we do for you, ma'am?"

"Are you the master?" inquired Selina.

"No."

"I wish to see him."

Another presently appeared, and Mrs. Dalrymple was surprised. She had expected to see a common tradesman, of manners like the first, and he who now accosted her had the appearance and address of a gentleman; and of a sensible one, too.

"I am in temporary need of a little money, and wish to borrow some upon my jewels," began Mrs. Dalrymple, in a hoarse whisper; and she was really so agitated as scarcely to know what she said.

"Are they of value?" he inquired.

"Some hundreds of pounds. I have them with me."

He requested her to walk into a private room, and placed a chair. She sat down and laid the jewels on the table. He examined them in silence, one after another, not speaking till he had gone through the whole.

"What did you wish to borrow on them?"

"As much as I can," replied Mrs. Dalrymple. "I thought about four hundred pounds."

"Four hundred pounds!" echoed the pawnbroker. "Ma'am, they are not worth for this purpose, more than a quarter of the money."

She stared at him in astonishment.

"They are real."

"Oh, yes. Otherwise they would not be worth so many pence."

"Many of them are new within twelve months," urged Mrs. Dalrymple. "Altogether they cost more than five hundred pounds."

"To buy. But they are not worth much to pledge. The fashion of these ornaments is changing with every season; and that, for one thing, diminishes their value."

"What could you lend me on them?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Absurd!" returned Mrs. Dalrymple, her cheeks flushing. "Why, that one set of amethysts alone cost more. I could not let them go at that. It would be of no use to me."

"Ma'am, it is entirely at your own option, and I assure you I do not press it," he answered, with courteous respect. "We care little about taking these things in, for so many are brought to us now, that our sales are glutted with them."

"You will not be called upon to sell these. I shall redeem them."

The jeweller did not answer. He could have answered that never an article, from a service of gold plate to a pair of boy's boots, was pledged to him yet, but it was quite sure to be redeemed—in intention.

"Are you aware that a great many ladies, even of high degree, now wear false jewelry?" he resumed.

"No, indeed," returned Mrs. Dalrymple. "Neither should I believe it."

"Nevertheless it is so. And the chief reason is the one I have just mentioned; that in the present day the rage for ornaments is so great, and the fashion of them so continually changing, that to be in the fashion, a lady must spend

a fortune in ornaments alone. I give you my word, ma'am, that in the fashionable world a great deal of the jewelry now worn is falsely though it may pass, is mere, counterfeit. And this fact deteriorates from the value of real, especially for the purposes of pledging."

He began as he spoke, to put the articles into their boxes again, as if the negotiation were at an end.

"Can you lend me two hundred upon them?" asked Mrs. Dalrymple, after a blank pause.

He shook his head. "I can advance you what I have stated if you please; not a pound more. And I am quite sure you will be able to obtain no more on them anywhere, ma'am, take them where you will."

"But what am I to do?" returned Mrs. Dalrymple, betraying some excitement. Very uselessly: but that room was no stranger to it.

The jeweller was firm, and Mrs. Dalrymple gathered up her ornaments, her first feeling of despair merging into anger. She was leaving the room with her parcel, when it occurred to her to ask herself WHAT she was to do—how she was to procure the remainder of the sum necessary for Madame Dameream. She turned back, and finally left the shop without her jewels but with a hundred pounds in her pocket, and her understanding considerably enlightened as to the relative value of a jewel to buy and a jewel to pledge.

Now it happened that if Mrs. Dalrymple had repented of showing her temper to Madame Dameream, that renowned artiste had equally repented of showing hers to Mrs. Dalrymple. She feared it might tell against her with her customers, if it came to be known: for she knew how popular Selina had been. She came to the determination of paying Mrs. Dalrymple a visit, not exactly to apologise, but to soothe her down. And to qualify the pressing for some money, which she meant to do (whether she got it or not), she intended to announce that the articles ordered for the wedding festivities would be supplied. "It's only ninety pounds more or less," thought madame, "and I suppose I shall get the money some time."

She reached Mrs. Dalrymple's soon after that lady had departed on her secret expedition. Their London lodgings were confined. The dining-room had Mr. Dalrymple in it, so Madame Dameream was shown to the drawing-room, and the maid went hunting about the house for her mistress.

While she was on her useless search, Mr. Dalrymple entered the drawing-room, expecting to find it haunted by his wife. Instead of which, some strange lady sat there, who rose at his entrance, made him a swimming curtsey, the like of which he had never seen in a ball-room, and threw off some rapid sentences in an unknown tongue.

His perplexed look stopped her. "Ah," she said, changing her language, "Monsieur, I fear, does not speak the French. I have the honor, I believe, of addressing Mr. Dalreemp. I am covered with contrition at intruding at this evening hour, but I knew that Mrs. Dalreemp is much out in the day."

"Do you wish to see her? Have you seen her?" asked he.

"I wait now to see her," replied madame.

"Another of these milliner people, I suppose," thought Mr. Dalrymple to himself, with not at all a polite word in connexion with the supposition. "Selina's mad, to have the house beset with them like a swarm of flies. If she comes to town next year I'll be—" He did not say what, but went to the door and raised his voice.

"Ann! tell your mistress she is wanted."

"I can't find my mistress, sir," said the servant, coming down stairs. "I thought she must be in her room, but she is not. I am sure she is not gone out, because she said she meant to have a quiet evening at home to-night, and she is not dressed."

"She is somewhere about," said Mr. Dalrymple. "Go and look for her."

Madame Dameream had been coming to the rapid conclusion that this was an opportunity she should do injustice to herself to omit using. And as Mr. Dalrymple was about to leave her to herself, she stopped him.

"Sir—pardon me—but now that I have the happiness to see you, I may ask if you will not use your influence with Mrs. Dalrymple to think of my account. She does promise so often, and I get nothing. I have my heavy payments to make, and sometimes I do not know where to find the money; though, if you saw my books, your head would bristle, sir, at the sums owing to me."

"You are—?"

"I am Madame Dameream. If Mrs. Dalreemp would but give me a few hundreds off her bill, it would be something."

A few hundreds! Oscar Dalrymple wondered what she meant. He looked at her for some moments before he spoke.

"What is the amount of my wife's debt to you?"

"Ah, it is—but I cannot tell it you quite exactly. The last bill that went in to her was four thousand and twenty-two pounds."

He had an impassible face, rarely showing emotion. It had probably not been moved to it half a dozen times in the course of his life. But now his lips gradually drew away from his teeth, leaving the gums exposed, and a red spot appeared upon each cheek.

"WHAT did you say? How much?"

"Four thousand and twenty-two pounds," equably answered madame, who was not familiar with his countenance. "And there have been a few trifles since, and her last order this week will come to ninety pounds. If you wish for it exactly, sir," added madame, catching at an idea of hope, "I will have it sent in to you when I go home. Mrs. Dalreemp has the details up to very recently."

"Four thousand pounds!" uttered Mr. Dalrymple, in a sort of paralysed manner. "When could she have contracted it?"

"Last season, sir. A little in the winter, she had, and a little this spring; not much."

He did not say more, save a matter which madame could not catch. She understood it to be that he would speak to Mrs. Dalrymple. The maid returned, protesting that her mistress was not in the house, and must have changed her mind and gone out; and Madame Dameream, thinking she might be gone out for the evening, and that it was of no use waiting, made her adieu to Mr. Dalrymple with the remarkable curtsey several times repeated.

He was sitting there still, in the same position, when his wife appeared. She had entered the house stealthily, as she had left it, had taken off her things, and now came into the room ready for tea, as if she had only been upstairs to wash her hands. Scarcely had she reached the middle of the room, when he rose and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder. His face, as she turned to him in alarm, with its drawn aspect, its glistening eyes, its mingled pallor and hectic, was so changed that she could hardly recognise it for his. A fear crossed her that he had gone mad.

"Oscar, you terrify me!" she shrieked out.

"What debts are these that you owe?" he hissed, from between his parted lips.

Was the dreaded moment come, then? She shook in his grasp, and a low moan escaped her.

"Four thousand pounds to Dameream, the milliner! How much more, to others?"

"Oh, Oscar, if you look and speak like that, you will kill me," she uttered. "Forgive me this and my life's repentance shall atone for it."

"I ask how much more," he repeated, pausing by her entreaty as the idle wind. "Tell me the truth, or I will thrust you from my home, and advertise you."

She strove to sink down, to hide her face on the ground; she would certainly have sunk there but for his powerful grasp. He shook her roughly by the arm, and repeated the question—

"How much?"

"Six thousand pounds—in all—about that. Not more, I think."

He flung her arm from him with a jerk, and she sank down on the carpet with her face on the sofa, and sobbed and moaned.

"Are you prepared to go out and work for your living, as I must do?" he panted. "I have nothing to keep you on, and shall not have for years. If they throw me into a debtors' prison to-morrow, to languish there, I cannot help it."

"Do not reproach me," she moaned, "I have suffered much. You have told me I was restless, as one who had committed a crime; you know now what the crime has been."

"*You* suffer!" he scornfully ejaculated. "When, up to this time, this very week, you have been augmenting your debt recklessly! Stop your display of tears; crocodiles can shed them."

She only sobbed the more.

"I was a fool to marry into your branch of the family," he went on, stamping his foot, "for a mania attends it. Your uncle gambled his means away and then took his own life; your father hampered himself with his debts and remained poor; your brother followed in his uncle's wake; and now, madam, the mania is upon you!"

Mr. Dalrymple stopped, for the servant appeared at the door with the tea-urn. Mr. Dalrymple motioned him away. "No tea to-night," he authoritatively exclaimed; "we do not require it." And he flung the door to, after the man.

Mrs. Dalrymple did not move. But every now and then she sobbed out entreaties to her husband for forgiveness. It was just as though he heard her not. His first explosion of passion over, he smothered it in silence and never spoke, but he paced the room with angry strides.

After a while Mrs. Dalrymple gathered herself up, and left it. Some time after, she heard the drawing-room bell ring, and then her maid came up to her, tossing and indignant.

"Ma'am, I must say this is very sudden."

Mrs. Dalrymple bent her face over a drawer, which she pretended to be looking in, and strove to command her voice to indifference.

"What is sudden?"

"Master has ordered me to come and pack up. He says you must be off to the Grange with morning light. I asked him how I was to pack up to-night, with you and him in the room asleep, and he said I might settle that with you, but that he should not be in it."

Mrs. Dalrymple, conscience stricken, had nothing to answer.

"He says, too, you will not want me beyond the month, ma'am. And that if I like to leave at once, and stop in town and look out for a place, he'll give me a month's board and wages. It's the first time as I ever was dismissed in a summonary way like this,' added the damsel, shaking with her wrongs.

"I am very sorry, Ann. Circumstances oblige me to make this sudden change. It shall not affect your testimonials for any fresh place."

"No, I should hope it wouldn't, ma'am. I've always served gentlefolks as didn't make sudden changes. What's to be done about this packing up? Am I to be kept out of my bed to do it? And is it to be done by candlelight?"

"Yes, if Mr. Dalrymple said so. I did not know," she added, recollecting herself, "that he meant to go so early."

"The boxes will get full of candle-grease, and consequently the dresses, even should no sparks get in and burn 'em up, if that will be any consolation to him," said the indignant Abigail, in a tone which implied that it would be a very great consolation to her.

Mr. Dalrymple did not go to rest that night. When the servants at length went to bed they left him in the dining-room, writing, and surrounded with papers. In the morning he and his wife started for their home, the Grange, there to live in obscurity, upon a small pittance, and struggle with their debts; perhaps to live a life of miserable estrangement, of bickering, one with the other.

Thus, as a wreathing cloud suddenly appears in the sky and as suddenly fades away, had Mrs. Dalrymple, like a bright vision, appeared to the admiring eyes of the London world; and she might have continued to enjoy its smiles and its sunshine, but for the insane rage for dress which attacked her in its worst features and lured her on to her ruin. It is luring many now.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ HOW THE CHINESE PREVENT FINANCIAL CRISES.—Every man in China must pay up his debts at the beginning of the year, and also at the time of a religious festival, about the middle of the year. If unable to settle at these times, his business stops until his debts are paid.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. Oil of Rhodium can probably be obtained of almost any druggist. Rhodium is a metal which takes its name from the rose-color it has in solution. Oil of rhodium is the essential oil of the Levant *Lignum Rhodium*—which is, we believe, the flower known as the rhododendron. Any dealer who keeps the expressed oils of flowers, ought to have this among the rest.

Respectfully declined:—"To A. E. C.;" "A Love Song;" "I am Forty;" "The Coming of Spring."

To Those Who Will Understand It.

We have a large number of old subscribers—the "Old Guard" of THE POST—with whom we do not feel free to pursue our general habit of stopping the paper when the term of subscription expires. Many of them would think it betokened a want of kind feeling on our part, to cut the connection between them and their favorite weekly in so summary a manner.

But when such old friends, through inadvertence or forgetfulness, neglect to remit their yearly dues, it puts us, as they will perceive, in rather an unpleasant predicament—for even THE POST, with all its merits, will not carry on itself, without certain weekly and monthly payments to compositors, pressmen, clerks, paper makers, &c.

Will not therefore our old friends be a little more punctual in this matter of transmitting their dues? Our head clerk tells us that there is at the present time a large amount outstanding against them—the sight of which would be very pleasant to our eyes. They need not wait for the making out of bills—a tedious and troublesome operation where the number of accounts is so great—but send on what they think they owe, and we will credit them with the amount, and state in their receipts the exact state of their accounts—errors corrected, on both sides, as usual.

What say you, gentlemen and ladies? We trust to see a response in as good bank-notes as you can lay your hands upon, or in the solid coin of the confederacy—at least in settlement of old arrearages, if not in advance payment for the future.

ON HAND.

We are pleased to state that we have received from GRACE GREENWOOD the manuscript of her promised novelet, FOUR IN HAND, OR THE BEQUEST—which we shall commence at the earliest opening.

We also have on hand a new story by MRS DENISON, entitled UNCLE WOLFE, a STORY OF THE OLD PARSONAGE, which also awaits a favorable opportunity.

We consider both of the above stories very favorable specimens of the abilities of their respective authors.

THE ENGLISH IN CHINA.

The new English Ministry having been among the opponents of the present unjustifiable war waged against China, it is to be hoped that they will embrace the earliest opportunity of bringing it to a close. The unjustifiable character of the present hostilities, will readily appear to almost every one, if he will simply ask himself in what the war originated? Some indefinite idea about an alleged outrage to the British flag, will float before the memory as an answer to the question—but the idea, we venture to say, will be a very indefinite one indeed. To a man or nation, however, that only awaits a decent pretext for strife, the pretext soon comes, or can be made to come.

The true difficulty between England and China, probably is that China requires so much hard money in return for her teas and other produce,—refusing to take English manufactures instead. Besides, the Chinese authorities interfere more or less with the Opium traffic, in which Christian England displays such a peculiar kind of Christianity. These two are really the great offences of the Chinese. But simply to state such offences is almost sufficient comment upon them. Every unprejudiced mind perceives at once that the Chinese have a right to refuse to exchange their products for anything else than silver—and that to force the consumption of opium upon its wretched victims, by breaking down the barriers that the Chinese rulers have raised around their people, is an offence against virtue, justice and morality of the most flagrant character. To think of a strong Christian nation bartering its opium poison to the subjects of a weak and idolatrous one, against the remonstrances of the government of the latter! The question at once arises, which are the Christians, and which are the Pagans?

Previously to the appointment of Mr. W. B. Reed as American Minister to China, our Government is said to have asked the opinion of the late Commodore Perry, who conducted the negotiations with Japan, relative to the existing difficulties. The following is stated by the N. Y. Tribune, to be an extract from the letter written by him in reply:—

"My opinion is, that the Chinese have been quite as much 'sinned against as sinning;' their laws are daily violated by foreigners, especially in the smuggling of opium, and it is not unusual to act at open defiance the decrees of the Empire. Claiming to be more civilized and more honest than these people we should set them the example of good faith: but how different is the course of England and the United States!—constantly violating their laws, yet prompt to chastise the slightest wrong perpetrated by them.

"However deceitful the Chinese may be, so are all Eastern people, and the true way of rendering nugatory their studied duplicity is to assume a course of action the very opposite of their crooked and lying policy; to have no disguise or concealment; to conform scrupulously to all the obligations of treaties, and in order to conciliate their confidence, to bear patiently with their national prejudices and peculiarities when they do not conflict with our perfect independency of action; to demand nothing of them that shall not be reasonable, and to prosecute these demands when once made with pertinacious obstinacy, but in a spirit of justice and kindness.

"The higher classes of this nation are sagacious and well educated, and, in my belief, are open to generous impulses and convictions, but they must be approached courteously, and not, as has been too often the case, with overbearing insolence."

The above advice will commend itself to all fair-minded and reasonable men. Would that the Christianity professed by England—and by this country also—were oftener manifested than it is, in the policy pursued towards weaker, and especially towards idolatrous nations. If the policy of the professedly Christian nations of the earth, in their state dealings with pagan nations, was distinguished by the frankness, honesty and Christian patience that Commodore Perry recommended, the progress of our religion would be vastly more rapid than it is. In truth, if Christians would only act like Christians, both in their private and in their national capacity, they might withdraw all their Missionaries from heathen lands, for the world would convert itself. The Christian nations would be as lights set on a hill, and the brightness of a consistent conduct and practical faith, would shine into all the dark and waste places of the earth. But so long as the heathen behold in the Christians, men madly given up to the acquisition of wealth, and even often by iniquitous means—men loving the good things of this world more than honor, justice and truth—is it to be wondered at that their conversion proceeds so slowly? We think not.

From the reports of Mr. Reed's conduct, we judge that our Government has been impressed with the views of Commodore Perry. We are glad that the American Minister so far has kept aloof from any participation in the present unjustifiable war. Our Chinese trade had better be allowed to languish, if it can only be made to prosper through the doing of injustice, and the shedding of innocent blood.

THE KANSAS QUESTION.

By the Congressional report, our readers will perceive that the Senate bill for the admission of Kansas was defeated in the House of Representatives by eight majority, and a bill similar to Senator Crittenden's adopted. The House Bill refers the Lecompton Constitution back to the people of Kansas. If they vote yea upon it, the President is to declare Kansas admitted under that Constitution, by proclamation. If nay, a new Convention is to be called, to form a new Constitution, which, if adopted by the popular vote, becomes the Constitution of Kansas; the territory being admitted by that Act as a member of the Union, without further Congressional action. The elections to be regulated by Commissioners, a majority of whom shall certify as to the correctness of the returns. Whether the Senate will adopt the House Bill, or the House recede, or a new Bill be formed by a Committee of Conference, or no Bill at all be passed, a week or two probably will determine.

The vote in the House on the Crittenden substitute was as follows:

Yeas.		*Nays.*	
Republicans,	92	Democrats,	104
Democrats,	22	Americans,	8
Americans,	6		
Total,	120	Total,	112

Of the *yeas*, all the Republicans but one, (Mr. Blair, of Mo.,) were from the Free States, and all the Democrats from the Free States. The six Americans were from the Slave States, 3 from Maryland, 1 from North Carolina, and 2 from Kentucky.

Of the *nays*, 31 Democrats were from the Free States, and 73 from the Slave States. The 8 Americans were from the Slave States—2 from Georgia, 1 from Louisiana, 2 from Missouri, and 3 from Tennessee.

CIVIL WAR.—A letter from Monte Video, dated February 6, gives a terrible picture of the state of affairs in the Banda Oriental country. Having captured some 300 of the Revolutionary party, the President sent orders an hour afterwards to shoot 28 officers, and cut the throats of nearly 200 of the soldiers.

The English and French Ministers and both Admirals, the Spanish Minister, American Commodore and American Consul, and about twenty of the first ladies of the place, all went to see the President, to supplicate mercy for these poor fellows, but in vain. The ladies implored the President, on their knees, but he refused. As a natural consequence, the opposite party have already visited several villages and cut the throats of every *blanco* they encountered—men, women and children—and destroyed their property to as great an extent as possible. This vengeance does not fall upon the guilty only, but on any of the adherents of the party that did the awful deed above mentioned.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 188—Adults 87, and children 101.

THE PASSOVER.

Our Hebrew brethren, as we write this, are keeping their Passover week—a celebration which none of the faithful omit. It is in commemoration of that awful night when the avenging angel passed over the dwellings of the Hebrews,—whose door-posts were marked with the blood of the paschal lamb—on his mission of smiting all the first born of Egypt. Fitting it is that the anniversary of that great Mercy should be celebrated by the descendants of Israel through their endless generations. During the Passover, fermented bread is not permitted to be used, nor any kind of malt liquor. Passover cakes are eaten instead of bread, which consist of flour and water only, great care being used to keep them free from any impurity. On the first night of the Passover, the members of all Jewish families meet together and recount, according to the manner prescribed, the history of their nation, and pray for its speedy restoration to the land of Palestine,—a restoration which Christians generally also believe will duly come to pass at its appointed time.

The isolation of the Hebrews, foretold in the ninth chapter of the prophet Amos, has been most wonderfully fulfilled:

"For, lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth."

And thus they have been "sifted among all nations"—and, as this prophecy has been literally fulfilled, we naturally look for the literal fulfillment of the other prophecies, promising the ultimate gathering together again of the descendants of Abraham.

Only one case at all comparable to that of the Jews is to be found among the nations—that is, the case of the Gypsies. They also seem to have been sifted among all nations. But they may be in fact descendants of the lost tribes of the Jews; and thus be an additional confirmation of the truth of the prophecy. The Gypsies came into Europe, we believe, from Egypt—but they came to Egypt, as it is thought, from the central portions of Asia.

Some hold, and not without strong reasons, that the days of the restoration of the Jews, so blended in the Biblical account with the opening of the Millennial period, are now not far distant. The belief that the close of the six thousandth year from the creation, will witness the opening of the Millennium—or the Sabbath of one thousand years—is an old, and not an unreasonable one. If we take the commonly received chronology, there were four thousand years previous to Christ's coming; and the year 2,000 would complete the work-days of the world. In the 143 years between now and the opening of the twenty-first century, many important events would naturally be expected to transpire, in case the views to which we have alluded are founded on truth. Some think that the sign of the Son of Man in the heavens will precede by a century or more the Millennial era.

Of course the times at which the prophecies shall be fulfilled, and the exact mode of their fulfillment, are to a considerable degree matters of speculation. The great duty of us all is to live so as to be always prepared for the coming of that day—for we are assured it shall come "as a thief in the night." Prepared for its coming, we may safely leave the event to the unsealed but wisely-ordered Future.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who at the age of sixteen had adopted the notion that it was wrong to eat anything which had life, was brought back, two years afterwards, to carnivorous habits by seeing some smaller fish taken from "the stomach of a cod." "If, thought I," he says, "you eat one another, I don't see why we may not eat you. So I dined upon cod very heartily, and have since continued to eat as other people."

When one considers the immense amount of animal food—uncooked at that—which every man swallows during his life, in the air he breathes, the water he drinks, and the fruits, &c., he eats, the idea of revolting from the consumption of a larger class of animals is simply absurd. To abstain from animal food, and live, is simply impossible—and there is an end of the whole matter. To abstain from the *larger kinds* of animals is all that the vegetarians really are able to do. If they would state their theory correctly—that evil results from eating all animals which are too large to be taken at a gulp, and kicking—they would find very few converts indeed.

It is a matter of question how far the fresh and vigorous taste of unboiled water, uncooked ripe fruit, &c., is owing to the live animals with which they abound. It is customary to say that water, after boiling, has a flat, *dead* taste. Can this flatness and deadness be owing to the fact that the boiling has killed the multitudinous animalcules with which the water was previously swarming—as lively and vigorous as so many bees or minnows? We commend the question to our vegetarian friends. What a pity for them, as for the Hindoo brahmins—who religiously hold a similar belief—that the microscope was ever invented.

A GOOD IDEA.—In the Circular of Irving College, situated near Manchester, Maryland, we note the following paragraph:—

The *regular reading of good periodicals* is, in more than one respect, considered of great importance; every student therefore is requested to subscribe to some good paper, according to his own selection and with the approval of the faculty.

As the news columns of the papers contain the history of the present times—and are about the only places moreover where such history can be found—it is proper that newspapers should be taken and read, were it only as a portion of the historical studies.

GOOD MEASURE.—The Maryland Legislature has passed a bill authorizing the Mayor and City Councils to appoint a measurer and inspector of gas meters. It was clearly proven that the meters used worked falsely.

Will not our Legislature pass a similar bill? After allowing due weight to all the explanations made by the Superintendent of the Philadelphia Gas Works, we are inclined to think that the great fault is in the meters, and the way they are over-filled with water. And there is no reason why the sellers of gas should not submit to that regular inspection of their measures, which all other sellers are required to submit to.

THE SEBASTOPOL EXPEDITION.—The American expedition to take—not Sebastopol—but the eighty-one ships sunk by the Russians in its harbor—we regret to say has utterly failed. The ships were so worm-eaten by the Black-sea teredo, that when caulked up to be pumped out, the water rushed in through various weak places in the timber. Their "wooden-walls" were so rotten, that they could not even blow them up. The wheel of the Twelve Apostles, although it consisted of strong mahogany, has been reduced by two years and a half in the waters of Sebastopol, so that it weighs almost nothing. No external change is visible beyond a few small holes, where the greedy miners sunk their shafts. Part of the expenses of the expedition will be paid by the anchors, cables, &c., brought up—the remainder will be lost, if the generosity of the Russian government does not relieve the company.

☞ We notice that a new volume of Bancroft's History of the United States will be published on the first of next month by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. This volume opens the history of the Revolution.

New Publications.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA, (J. W. Bradley, Philadelphia,) appear to great advantage in this edition, which is undoubtedly the edition most acceptable to the reader who reads for practical instruction and amusement. In the original English edition, the Doctor's narrative is encumbered with an immense mass of minor scientific, naturalistic, topographical and other details of no possible interest to the general reader, and only valuable to the geographer or the explorer. Like many other travellers, he hates the task of book-making, for which he has little skill, his genius being in the direction of achievement rather than literary construction. But in this edition his editor has done him the good office of stripping away the large bulk of uninteresting and comparatively useless matter, and presenting the narrative of his adventures in all its unencumbered and straightforward simplicity. Given thus, it is one of the most admirable and entertaining volumes in the library of travellers' tales.

The lines of African discovery, beginning with the Portuguese, run through the hands of our young American Ledyard, and afterwards are followed by Mungo Park, Burckhardt, Denham and Clapperton, Laing, the brothers Lander, Barth, Richardson and Overberg. All these feet wander more or less in the beaten track, and it was reserved for Dr. Livingstone to open and pursue an entirely new field of exploration. There in South Africa, he lived for years under the burning equatorial sky, with other forms of life than ours around him, but still finding man even in his savage disguises the same in essence—the same "old true-penny." His book treats us to unusual pictures, and teems with adventure of the most novel or the most exciting character. It is useless to dwell upon a work which everybody will want to read, and which we have already given our readers a desire for by copious extracts published at various times. Sufficient to say, that our good Doctor was not in South Africa sixteen years for nothing, as the unfolding of his budget of news from that region of our most mysterious speculations and our vaguest visions, amply shows.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, J. B. Lippincott, Philada.,) makes part of the often-mentioned household edition of the Waverley novels. There are few persons who do not remember its graphic pictures of the days of King James, with the motley group of figures in which the traditional Alastian, the gypsy, the courtier, the cavalier, the Scotch "old uncle," have each their place and action. The local varieties of life and character three hundred years ago crowd in vivid and multitudinous detail upon the reader of its pages, and help him to realize the accounts given in the formal histories of that epoch.

THE LITERARY ATTRACTIONS OF THE BIBLE, by LE ROY J. HALSEY, D. D., (C. Scribner, New York, H. Cowperthwait, Phila.,) is an interesting and suggestive, though superficial and declamatory plea for the classic worth of the sacred volume.

☞ "One man's wit and all men's wisdom"—a definition extemporised by Lord John Russell at Sir James Mackintosh's breakfast table, is the best description of a proverb.

☞ When the gods want anything done in this world, they make a man a little wrong-headed in the right direction.—*Emerson.*

☞ Uncle Isaac was a great stickler for grammar. He always stuck to it that the adjective *good* admitted of no degree of comparison; "for," said he, "what is good is good, and good is good enough." One day brother Jake was reading aloud the adventures of an unlucky and not remarkably bright youth. When he came to the sentence, "Long ere Joe returned," Uncle Ike suddenly interrupted for the seventeenth time. "Tut, boy! that's very bad grammar; read correctly—long-*eared!* there is no such compound adjective as 'long-ear.'"

☞ A small chap on the street with a big hat on. Stranger sees him and cries out—"Hallo, hat, where are you going with that boy?"

☞ A man's nature rises either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.—*Bacon.*

THE TURKISH ENVOY.—Among other diversions given the Pacha by his New York entertainers, was a visit to the Academy of Music. The plot of the Huguenots seemed to puzzle His Excellency, and about the middle of the performance, he inquired of one of the city fathers, what the hubbub was about. The reply did not solve the problem, and he desired to be informed who the Christians were fighting. When he realized that the opera was historical, and that they were fighting *among themselves*, a smile of shrewd complacency lighted up his swarthy visage, and he murmured, with an air of conscious superiority in matters of faith.—"Allah is great and Mahomet is his prophet."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE New York Canal Board have resolved to reduce the tolls from four to two mills on general merchandise, and from three to two and four-tenths mills on the thousand pounds per mile.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE END OF THE TRAGEDY—THE GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE—COERCING AN EDITOR—AN EXTEMPORE FROLIC—AN INCIDENT IN A SUMMER RAMBLE (CONTINUED.)

Paris, March 18, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The appeal sent in by the three Italians to the Supreme Court at the date of my last, was rejected by that body; and Orsini and Pierri have paid the penalty of their crime, the sentence of death pronounced upon Rudio having been commuted by the Emperor to hard labor in the galleys for life.

Orsini behaved with calmness and dignity; Pierri, who had been thrown into paroxysms of terror when informed, at seven o'clock in the morning, that he would be executed at eight, passed from this state of prostration into a feverish and boisterous gaiety, and was only restrained from unseemly manifestations by the exhortations and example of his companion in misfortune. Both confessed, and received absolution from a priest before leaving the prison. Despite the early hour of the execution, an immense crowd had assembled to witness the tragic spectacle. The square of the La Roquette, where the guillotine is erected on such occasions, was lined with masses of troops, as were also the neighboring streets. On ascending the scaffold, Orsini exclaimed, "Vive la France! Vive l'Italie! *Vive la Republique!*" as I know from a furious Bonapartist who had got up early in order to have "a good place" for witnessing the death of "ces scélérats;" but the journals, in reporting the details of the execution, have omitted all mention of the last of these *vivats*.

The eclipse—in which, as the Paris journals remarked, "the skies seem to have consulted the convenience of the Parisians, who don't like having to get up at five o'clock in the morning, no matter what may be the spectacle offered," passed off exceedingly well, notwithstanding a high wind and masses of driving cloud. It was rather later than announced, and could not be watched continually, owing to the driving vapors that kept shrouding the actors in the skyey drama from the hundreds of learned eyes gazing inquiringly at them through telescopes, and the tens of millions of unlearned ones peering curiously through bits of smoked glass. At its height, nothing but a crescent, like that of the new moon, was visible; and the light was not only greatly diminished, but had a strange blueish-white, ghastly appearance that was very remarkable. The *savant* who "does" the astronomic articles in the *Pays*, provided himself with a lot of birds in a cage, while watching the progress of the eclipse through his telescopes, in order to see what effect it would have on them. He says "the thermometer fell several degrees during the maximum of the eclipse; the march of the masses of cloud that filled the horizon was sensibly retarded; the barometer showed a diminution in the moisture of the atmosphere; and the birds, which had been singing merrily up to the time, ceased their songs, and fluttered about the cage with evident tokens of uneasiness and alarm." Sagacious little creatures!

All the squares and the bridges were crowded with gazers; the men with portable telescopes reaped a harvest, thus reversing the proverb, and "making hay while the sun was *not* shining," and a heavy business was done by the peripatetic venders of bits of colored glass, who turned out in great force for the occasion, and realized small fortunes in the course of the morning. The pavements were covered with drawings, in chalk, of the face of the luminary so unkindly masked, and of the one great spot visible on his glorious surface.

A curious instance of the successful interference of society in a case of private injustice, has just taken place in Poland. The Emperor Alexander, having given permission to publish a complete edition of the works of the late Polish poet, Mickiewitz, for the benefit of his children, an editor named Merzbach has purchased these works for the sum of nine thousand silver roubles, a price far under their true worth. The public sentiment has been so much disturbed by this dishonest proceeding, that M. Louis Pienkowski, Marshal of the Nobility of the Circle of Wenexa (Podolia) has published an advertisement, in which he shows that, with the popularity attached to the name and memory of the deceased poet, the editor ought to make at least seventy thousand roubles by the sale of his works, and invites the public to abstain from purchasing those published by Merzbach, until the latter shall have made a more equitable arrangement with the orphans of the great poet.

Among the persons present at the burial, in this city, of the body of the brother of the King of Oude, was the French renegade, General Orgoni, who has turned Mussulman, and become the right hand man of the Emperor of Burmah, and whose hatred to England is such that he has "consecrated his life to the fulfillment of his vow to drive the English from the East," (a vow which the French half believe he will accomplish, and shrewdly suspect him of having been at the bottom of the present lamentable mutinies.)

A fine extempore frolic came off at Lyons a few days ago, when a heavy shower coming on about two o'clock in the afternoon, an organ-grinder took refuge from the rain in the great market hall of the Capuchins; and the market women begging their unexpected guest to play them an air, it happened that the famous airs of the Lancers' Quadrille were those which responded to the hand of the organ-grinder. The organ being a very loud one, and in very fine tune, the tempting sounds were heard throughout the market, and such was the seductive effect on the ears and muscles of a number of the younger market women, that they quitted their stalls, and began to execute the popular dance in the middle of the hall, laughing like madcaps over their improvised performance—the movement of the young women naturally attracted a number of youthful swains from among the lads who attend the hall, and in the course of a few minutes the great hall was transformed into a wild ball. People came running in from the street, to look on, and altogether the scene was one of the most animated and original that can be imagined. When the quadrille was ended, a waltz was called for, and the whole population of the market began whirling about, in their wooden shoes, and perfectly oblivious of wares and of customers. One couple kept up the waltz until not only all the other couples were beaten from the field, but the organ-grinder's wrist was so tired from his exertions, that he was fain to beg for a respite. Meantime, the soberer old people belonging to the market, especially the heavy old men who had not found partners for the flare-up, began to be scandalised at this dereliction from market dignity, and interfering with a threat of the police, persuaded the romping dancers to go back to their stalls. But what other people would have been thus electrified out of their saleswomen propriety by the chance arrival of an unlucky organ-grinder, driven into their midst by the rain?

Your readers will doubtless remember that the exigencies of the space allotted to me in your columns, compelled me to leave unfinished the narrative begun in my last week's letter; a recital of which I now resume.

Mother Gaudet could not restrain her tears at the Curé's unwelcome tidings. "The dear little woman, so good, and so handsome," she exclaimed, in sorrowful tones, as she sank upon the rude wooden settle beside the chimney, "and she to be taken so suddenly with this dreadful illness, for I am sure she must be very bad by the look of Father Le Pellier's face! He would not have seemed so grave and so anxious for nothing. And poor Jean Lirieux, too, 'tis he that is most to be pitied after all; for there never was a couple so fond of each other, and well they might be. Marie was an orphan; the daughter of Martin Corot, an old friend of Simon Lirieux. Simon and Corot had been boys together, but Corot left the village and went off to Toulon. 'Twas many a long year before he came back, and Simon Lirieux had lost all hope of ever seeing him again, though he missed him always. But he came back at last a broken man; for he had lost his wife whom he set great store by, and had a disease of the heart that the doctors could do nothing for, and so left the sea, and came back to the valley with his little daughter, which was all he had left in the world. He had fallen in with thieves who had robbed him of all the savings he was bringing back with him; and he was sad enough about the child, for he knew he was not long for this world, and he had but a trifle to leave her. Simon and his wife took the sorrowful-hearted sailor into their cottage, and made him comfortable till he died, which happened a few months after his return. As for the little Marie, she was the sweetest and prettiest behaved child that ever was seen, and as beautiful as a queen. They got to love her so much that no money would have tempted them to part with her; and they solemnly promised the father to be a father and mother to her when he should be gone, so that poor Corot died quite peaceful and happy. Well—the father being dead and gone, Marie grew up with the old people, the darling of their eyes, and the flower of the valley. All the *gars* from far and near would have married her if they could, but her heart was already given to Jean Lirieux, who had loved her, as one may say, almost from her cradle; and as for Simon and his wife they would not have heard of another girl for a daughter-in-law, so they were married as soon as Marie was sixteen, and a merry wedding it was, the saints love us! though it was a sad day for the *gars*. But as they could not all have her, they made up their minds to be satisfied that she had taken Jean, and danced and drank old Simon's wine at the wedding just as though they had never wasted their time in casting sheep's eyes at the bride. "But I must step over to Jean Lirieux's," said my communicative hostess, suddenly bringing her history to a stop, and rising from the settle, "for I want to know for certain what the doctor says about Marie, and whether I can be of any use with the children, for Simon and Thiennette are past looking much after things, and Jean will have no head for anything but his wife!"

Having delivered herself of this reflection, my kind-hearted landlady took her departure; and I, being tired with my long day's rambles, betook myself to my pallet in the great low barn-like room, opening out of the kitchen, with rough-plastered walls, and fitted up with more than Spartan simplicity, which I had been fortunate enough to secure as my sleeping-apartment, and there, with the history of Jean Lirieux and his pretty wife running in my head, I was soon lost in that refreshing slumber which one enjoys nowhere in such perfection as amidst the delicious air, and the more delicious quiet, of a mountain-region.

Next morning, having disposed of the frugal breakfast set before me by my hostess,—who informed me that Madame Lirieux was indeed very ill, that the doctor had been sent for, and that Jean Lirieux was nearly beside himself with anxiety—my desire to visit a site which promised a new and charming point of view for my sketch-book, being now reinforced by the interest I felt in the inhabitants of the white cottage on the other side of the valley, I descended the hill, with my drawing-materials in my pockets, and a shawl over my arm, decided to make that point the scene of the day's explorations.

Crossing the stream by a rude bridge formed of irregular boulders, between whose interstices grew a profuse vegetation of moss and lichens, and surmounted by roughly-hewn planks, I soon found myself climbing the narrow path that wound upwards from the bank of the stream to the Lirieux's cottage.

The latter, though as primitive in style and material as the humblest of its neighbors, stood in a small enclosure, and boasted a garden before its door, whose beds of vegetables and pot-herbs were relieved with a sprinkling of flowers that gave a cheerful and home-like look to the place; while the skirt of a forest of live oak and fir, covering several acres of the hillside above the cottage, enveloped the little homestead on two sides, and added greatly to the picturesqueness and coziness of its appearance. Behind the cottage was a farm-yard, with sheds for cattle, the latter probably being turned out to graze on the hill, for the stalls were all empty; an army of fowls were strutting about the yard, picking up grain. The aspect of a well-filled granary, and the conical hay-stacks flanking this part of the enclosure, confirmed the assertions of my landlady respecting the comparative superiority of fortune enjoyed by its predecessors.

The cottage door stood wide open, affording a glimpse of the interior, and of a group of peasant women assembled there, probably out of sympathy for the sick woman; for the only one of them who seemed to have anything to do there was an elderly matron whose high starched cap and short blue petticoat were bustling about with an alacrity that showed their wearer to be the *locum tenens* of the disabled mistress of the house.

Having gained a point at some distance above the cottage, I spread my shawl upon the soft, thick mountain-turf, in the shelter of a jutting point of rock that screened me from the fierce glare of the midsummer sun, and half-reclining on this luxurious couch, I gave myself up to the contemplation of the glorious scene before me, and the enjoyment of the penetrating, dream-inspiring fragrance of the air, and of the deep stillness, broken only by the slow flight of a bird across the hill-side, or the faint, occasional tinkle of a distant cow bell. At my feet wound the shining line of the Ripière—a minute but rapid tributary of the Drac—whose waters, shrunk to a silver thread, ran chafingly down the middle of their stony bed: the banks of the little stream now disappearing beneath a fringe of overhanging foliage, and anon rising into fantastic masses of rock, whose warm tints of ochre, umber, and silver, contrasted vividly but harmoniously with the gray whiteness of the denuded alabs in the bed of the stream, the varied hues of the groves of oak and fir skirting the sides of the valley, and embowering the white walls and thatched roofs of the cottages, and the gray outlines of the little church; while the verdant ramparts of the mountains towered above my head, gradually receding on either hand, toward the entrance of the valley, where the widening perspective embraced a broad reach of open champaign, diversified with woods and vineyards, and dotted over with white villages, glowing under a sky of deep ultramarine, intense, cloudless, and flooded with dazzling sunlight.

A couple of hours had passed ere I was roused from my reverie by the stealthy march of the shadow of the rock under which I was lying. Reproaching myself for this obliviousness, I took my sketch-book and colors from my pockets, and proceeded, with a vigorous determination to make up for lost time, to put the sickle of my pencil into the rich harvest of beauty before me; and was soon so thoroughly absorbed in the work of transferring its treasures to my own private stores, that I forgot alike the subject of my long day-dream, and the sorrow that had fallen on the honest hearts beneath my feet. It was not until the sun had travelled to the other side of the ridge, projecting the long shadows of its summits far out upon the plain beyond, that I relaxed my harvest labors, and putting up my sketching materials, began to descend from my eyrie, rejoicing over the booty that the day had brought me.

But the length of this letter warns me to postpone my narrative until another week.

QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EXECUTION OF ORSINI AND PIERRI—DECLINE IN COTTON—AFFAIRS IN THE EAST, &c.

The Persia brought advices to the 20th ult. The news is very interesting.

Public opinion is most divided as to the import of the correspondence of the Foreign Office with the French Government, some holding that there is a satisfactory adjustment of all differences, as stated in both Houses of Parliament; and others affirming that the correspondence leaves the question at issue exactly where it was. This variety of opinion finds ample reflection in the press of the country.

The East India Loan Bill has been finally passed. In the incidental debate upon it, Lord Ellenborough said that in future it would be necessary to keep in India 40 battalions of European infantry, 10 of European cavalry, and a large force of European artillery.

The London Times' Paris correspondent says that it is positively affirmed that M. de Persigny has tendered his resignation. It was thought probable that the Duke de Grammont would succeed him.

It is reported that orders have been issued to put the French Navy on a war footing.

Business continued very dull in Paris, with scarcely anything doing on the Bourse.

The Madrid journals of the 12th of March, publish the text of the speech delivered by M. Isturitz in Congress the preceding day, in reply to a question respecting the Mexican affair. He then announced that Gen. Zuloaga, the new Mexican President, had promised to give Spain every satisfaction, and he confirmed the fact of M. Lafragua, the Mexican Envoy, having been dismissed, adding that a new Envoy was likely to be appointed.

Advices from Madeira to the 9th of March, report the prevalence there on the 5th, of a complete hurricane, which did considerable damage to the shipping in port.

Correspondence from Paris generally describes the effect of the correspondence between Lord Malmesbury and Count Walewski as unsatisfactory, although its publication produced no material effect on the Bourse.

The Moniteur denies the statement of the London Times that the spy system in France penetrates into the domestic circle, and that the Emperor never goes out without an escort of soldiers. It asserts that the French police were never less inquisitorial than at the present moment, and that the Emperor drives out daily without an escort.

The Moniteur also publishes the following:

"Some foreign journals seem astonished that France should have requested the continental and bordering powers to send away dangerous refugees from her frontiers. Thus acting France only made use of the right of international law. No one was astonished that Switzerland last year requested the French Government to send into the interior the refugees who desired a restoration of royalty at Neufchatel. Nor was any one surprised that Spain should have asked us to send into the interior the Carlist refugees, and that the Cortes should have thanked the Emperor for having, by such a step, prevented a civil war. The conduct of France has, therefore, been guided by the universally acknowledged principles of international law."

The correspondent of the Daily News says that the Emperor does constantly drive out in the very phaeton which the Times supposes he has abandoned since the 14th of January, and a case is instanced as having occurred of the almost rash way in which the Emperor set precautions at naught.

On motion of Mr. Ewart, a select committee was granted to inquire into the progress and prospects, and the best means to be adopted for the promotion of European colonization in India. [This movement has reference to the projected cultivation of cotton in India.]

The eclipse of the 15th of March was scarcely visible in England, owing to the hazy weather which prevailed and obscured the sun.

The Globe's Paris correspondent is informed that great efforts were made to intercept the Emperor's perusal of a multitude of anonymous letters, informing him that his own speedy doom would follow the execution of Orsini.

On the 17th, the Emperor and Empress visited the opera, for the first time since the attempted assassination. The streets were crowded, and precautions were taken to preserve order. A chain of sentinels were stationed on both sides of the pathway, and the middle of the street was patroled now and then to keep it clear. No group of persons was allowed to remain opposite the entrance to the opera house. The usual escort accompanied the Empress's carriage.

The Earl of Eglinton made his state entrance into Dublin on Friday afternoon, the 12th. On the occasion a row took place between the students of Trinity College and the police—provoked by some boyish frolics of the former—which ended in injuries to some six or seven of the former, and twice as many of the latter.—The police are much censured.

THE MINISTERIAL PARTY.—The Evening Herald says the Earl of Derby, having summoned a meeting of his supporters in the House of Commons, upwards of 220 members responded to the invitation of the noble lord. The greatest unanimity prevailed. His lordship is also said to have stated that he accepted power with extreme reluctance, and that he would throw it up in favor of the more congenial pursuits of private life, unless his friends energetically rallied around him.

Mr. Roebuck has received a challenge from the Count de Ligny, an officer in the French army. The Count gives Mr. Roebuck notice that he will remain in France ready to meet him at any place he may appoint.

GREAT DESERTION FROM THE ARMY.—On Saturday a notice was forwarded from the War Office to the different police stations, containing the names and description of no less than 330 men who have deserted from the Guards and regiments of the line, 30 from the embodied militia, and 10 from the Royal Marines since Thursday.

In the House of Lords, Lord Brougham presented a petition from the anti-slavery Association against the slave trade; and Lord Malmesbury, in reply to the noble lord, said he wished it to be understood that he regarded the new scheme for the free emigration of negroes as an indirect revival of this most obnoxious trade.

HAVELOCK'S LAST WORDS.—A private soldier, writing from Poona, to his brother, says: "The last words of that brave, that good old man, Sir Henry Havelock, were, 'Remember me to the —th'—the Highlanders, or Havelock's Lucknow Regiment, as it is called in India."

FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES.—The Observer says that on the year's revenue there will be a deficiency of from £4,000,000 to £4,500,000. The Manchester school will not hear of increased taxation. Mr. Gladstone and his party will set their faces against loans, and one of the difficulties of the new administration will be the budget.

The law officers of Lord Derby's administration are stated to be preparing a number of useful measures of legal reform, such as a new bankruptcy bill, and one to facilitate the transfer of land.

In the House of Commons the state of affairs in India claimed attention. Acts of cruelty to the Sepoys were strongly denounced, and a spirit of justice tempered with mercy was advocated on all sides.

Mr. D'Israeli, in reply to a question from Mr. Crawford, indignantly repelled the insinuation that Lord Malmesbury's despatch had been submitted to the French Government for approval before it was officially communicated.

After some debate, leave was given to bring in a bill to disfranchise the electors of Galway, on the ground of bribery.

As Col. Allsop is now in the United States, the subjoined letter, produced in evidence against Bernard, in London, will be read with interest:—

Mr. Bodkin put in a letter in Allsop's handwriting, and addressed to the prisoner, which was found at the residence of the latter. It commenced "My dear Doctor," and contained the following passages:—

"I am glad to find difference of opinion limited to a single point. Differences of opinion exist in every army, but unity is necessary for action. However, I have every confidence in the future. The abominable miscreant of the second December seems to have reached his culminating point. Have you seen the withering contempt with which Smith O'Brien alluded to the Queen kissing this unconvicted felon? He is not likely to give much more trouble, even if he should escape the retribution he so richly merits. If I was in California now, I would double the amount offered by Landor to the man who should perform an act of justice towards that most wretched caitiff. It is a poor consolation to know that he is obliged to drink before going abroad, to drown his fears. He must be killed, and with him the system he feels it necessary to keep up. I shall feel pleased to hear of Orsini's progress. Be kind enough to assure Orsini of my warmest sympathy and affectionate regard. Yours fraternally,

"THOS. ALLSOP."

Then followed a postscript, expressing a hope that this year would "see the first instalment of justice, the people's dawn of life."

MR. LANDOR AND THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—Mr. Landor has written the following letter to the editor of the Times:—

"Sir: In your paper of yesterday, March 15, I find my name mentioned by Mr. Allsop as offering a sum of money for the assassination of the Emperor Napoleon. Never have I countenanced any assassination whatsoever. Assassination I consider as the basest of crimes—tyrannicide as the sublimest of virtues, it being self-immolation for a man's native country. Beyond that country it would be murder. It strikes him down who hath subverted its laws, and stands above them on their ruins. Now, whoever is above them is out of them; in one word, an outlaw.

"The Emperor Napoleon is the most legitimate *sovran* in the universe, having been chosen by a greater number of suffrages than ever was one before; whereas the wretched and infamous Government which he overthrew annulled those which itself had recently called forth and consecrated. It was not he who planned and executed the invasion of the Roman State, the sister Republic coming by stealth in the garb of amity, and perpetrating an assassination a hundredfold more extensive than the Parisian. No, it was not he: it was those small, restless, wriggling creatures which showed their heads out of their burrows in the crevices of the old Republic. It was politicians like Lamartine and Changarnier—first-rate in chatter, second-rate in literature, third-rate in public confidence. These people had abjured all ambition, all encroachment, all interference with the territory or Government of other nations; yet attempted to wrest Savoy from Sardinia.

"So far am I from desiring the overthrow of Napoleon, I should regret the loss to Europe of the most energetic and sagacious potentate that ever governed any portion of it, excepting the great protector and the great stadtholder. To England the loss would be peculiarly deplorable, since we may rely on him, and on him only, for the continuance of peace.

"Personally, I never had any intimacy or connection with Democratic strangers; I detest and abominate Democracy, the destroyer of Republics. The political system requires an immovable centre. Queen Elizabeth, in a speech before Parliament, called the Government 'Our Commonwealth.' In my opinion, the wisest was the Venetian, where gentlemen who had honor to lose and nothing to gain were the rulers, and wise heads directed strong arms without oscillation. I never take the trouble to defend my opinions, but I will repeat them, as I have often done.

"Again, I declare that whoever slays unjustly is justly slain. Would Algernon Sidney, or the still greater Milton, controvert this axiom? Are the writers who pertinaciously oppose them wiser or more virtuous than they? Let me never be confounded either with the enemies or the partisans of Napoleon. Frequently, and for many years, I enjoyed his conversation, and I heartily wish him a long life and a long succession. He knows enough of me to be convinced that I care little for rank, for power, or for popularity, and that it is quite enough for me to be as retired and obscure as any man in England. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

"March 16."

FRANCE.—A deputation from several Lyons houses have had an interview with the Emperor, on the subject of a new Credit Mobilier Society, to be devoted to the interests of the silk trade.

It is asserted that Orsini wrote a second letter to the Emperor the day before the execution, in which he expressed the deepest repentance for the attempt of the 14th of January. The tone of the letter is in accordance with his calm and dignified demeanor. Pierri also wrote to the Emperor two letters; the second had a postscript, dated half an hour before the execution.

PARIS, Tuesday.—Rudio was brought up yesterday to hear the document read, by which the Emperor commutes his sentence of death to hard labor for life.

The London Herald's correspondent, after quoting a violent article in the Univers, against England, asserts that seldom has anti-English feeling run so high in France as at the present time.

EXECUTION OF ORSINI AND PIERRI.

The only accounts of the execution allowed to be published in France are those contained in the *Gazette des Tribunaux* and the *Droit*.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux* says:—"During their stay in the Roquette prison, to which they were removed after the rejection of their appeal by the Court of Cassation, Orsini and Pierri maintained the same attitude which they had exhibited at the trial. Orsini was always self-possessed and calm; he spoke but little, and appeared almost always plunged in deep meditation. On the rare occasions on which he conversed, he said, when speaking of his trial, that he had no complaint to make against French justice, and that all the judges and magistrates concerned in the case had honorably done their duty. He listened with respectful deference to the exhortations of Abbe Hugon, the prison chaplain. He ate but one meal a day, and the only favor he asked was that his ration of wine might be augmented. Pierri was in a state of continual excitement; he talked and gesticulated incessantly, disputing with the keepers about everything, and even trying to find matter for controversy in what was said to him by the chaplain. * * * * * *

At six in the morning the governor of the prison and Abbe Hugon went to Orsini's cell, and announced to him that the fatal moment had arrived. Orsini merely replied that he was ready. The governor, accompanied by the Abbe Nottelet, the chaplain to the Conciergerie, then went to the adjoining cell occupied by Pierri, and told him that he must prepare to die. At this news Pierri became extremely agitated, and with an air of forced assurance he asked for his breakfast, and a cup of coffee with some rum. While eating the food which was supplied to him, he was in a state of feverish agitation, indicated by his voice and gestures. After taking his coffee and rum, he asked, with much importunity, and even anger, for more rum, or at least for some wine. He constantly interrupted the Abbe Nottelet. Orsini, who refused to take any food, asked for a glass of rum, and begged to drink to the health and happiness of the governor. The two prisoners were then conducted to the chapel, where they remained for a short time. Orsini, who had confessed to the Abbe Hugon the evening before, knelt down devoutly. Pierri also knelt down, and this was the only moment at which he was calm and silent. They were soon afterward taken to a room adjoining the *greffe*, where they were handed over to the Paris executioner, who was assisted by the executioner of Rouen. He said a word to Pierri in Italian, begging him to be calm. Pierri became more and more excited, talking and gesticulating wildly, as if trying to keep up his failing courage. The funeral *cortege* was soon in motion. On entering the court yard of the prison, Pierri, whose features were convulsively contracted, and whose feverish excitement increased, attempted to sing the song of the Girondins, and continued to sing with broken accents to the foot of the scaffold. The sentence of death passed upon Rudio has been commuted into that of imprisonment, with hard labor for life. He received the news of this act of imperial clemency with the warmest expressions of gratitude.

The Droit gives substantially the same account. We subjoin the few interesting details: After what is called the *toilette*, Pierri said to Orsini, "Well, old fellow?" The latter merely replied, "Be calm—be calm." After his coffee, Pierri asked for a second glass of rum, which was refused him. * * When the black veil was put on his head he said, "They are dressing me up like an old coquette." When his shoes and stockings were taken off, he exclaimed, "Luckily I washed my feet yesterday." * * Neither of the prisoners made any revelations to the Judge of Instruction, who was in waiting to take down any that they might have desired to make. On his way to the scaffold Pierri said to the Abbe Nottelet, who offered his arm to support him, "Never fear, I am not afraid. I am going to Calvary." He began to sing the song of the Girondins, "Mourir pour la Patrie," as he left the prison, and continued humming it on the scaffold. Orsini, who, till the last moment, was silent, cried "Vive l'Italie! Vive la France!"

The papers are filled with all sorts of gossip in respect of the late execution.—Some will have it that Pierri was afraid—others that he was angry. When the Abbe Nottelet wished to help him up the scaffold, he observed, "Fear nothing, I am not afraid. I go to Calvary." The correspondent of the Telegraph says: "All this must be taken for what it is worth. It was impossible to get very near the scaffold, except for a few people who had passed the night there. What was said in the prison we can only learn from the official statement. It seems certain, however, that Orsini and Pierri, each according to his character, died very courageously."

The correspondent of the London Times says:—

It is said that the heads of both Orsini and Pierri were steeped in vitriol after death, that no prying Madame Tussaud or insinuating Claudet might, would, or could photograph the features, which may be stamped upon the banners of Democracy in future times. Gomez and Rudio will be shipped off at the close of the month on board the Adour for Senegal, and from thence they will be transported to the pestiferous swamps of Cayenne, which are less speedy, but as remorseless instruments of destruction as the guillotine which they congratulated themselves on escaping. The wife and daughter of Rudio will be permitted to accompany him in his exile.

COMMERCIAL.—The bullion in the Bank of England had increased £228,913 during the week, making the total reserve very nearly eighteen millions sterling.

One cause of depression was a rumor that the East India Company intended in the coming week to raise the whole of their £8,000,000 loan.

At a special meeting of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway Company, held in London, a resolution to make the fifteen thousand £10 preference shares at 7 per cent., convertible into ordinary shares in 1863, was carried unanimously.

The Times of the 18th says:—In American securities Illinois Central shares continue in request and improved, and reports business done at:—Illinois Central shares 7¼@7 dis.; New York Central 92½; New York and Erie 28.

The Brokers' circular reports a very depressed Cotton market at Liverpool, and irregular prices. The late arrivals were freely offered and quotations were reduced a half-penny on all descriptions. The sales of the week were 32,210 bales, including 4,000 on speculation, and 3,000 for export. The official quotations are—Fair Orleans 7¾; middling 7 1-16; fair Mobile 7¼; middling 6¾; fair Uplands 7¼; middling 6¾. The market on the 19th closed quietly, with sales of 4,000 bales at the quotations. Stock on hand 354,000 bales, including 243,000 American.

At Manchester the market was very depressed, and prices of all articles had declined. Little or no business doing.

Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., report a generally inactive Breadstuffs market, but without alteration in prices. Flour was in retail request; but there were some large transactions in the lower grades on speculation.

Beef was depressed and quiet, but firmly held. Pork was neglected and tending downward.

ONE DAY LATER.

The steamship Hammonia arrived at New York on Thursday midnight, bringing London evening papers of the 20th, and London morning papers of the same day.

Sir Colin Campbell has had an interview at Bombay with the Governor General concerning Oude affairs. There is a report that a relative of the old king had proclaimed himself King of India, and given orders to the insurgents not to fight, but to disperse in bands of forty or fifty, and scour the roads and kill the English.

The Paris Patrie announces that several small vessels are now arming at different ports to reinforce the French Admiral in China.

Further intelligence from India says that Maun Singh has preserved and sent from Lucknow, some 40 or 50 English or Anglo-Indian men, women and children, some of whom had reached Gorruckpore. Maun Singh brought them as far as Iryzabad himself. He has asked Jung Bahadur for a pass into Nepaul, to end his days in retirement.

The Rajah of Amjhera, one of the original disturbers, was hanged on the 10th February.

Captain Osborn and the Rajah of Etwa had captured the fort of Bijrajorghur and ninety-four prisoners. The prisoners were all shot.

The Calpee rebels had been twice beaten, losing in both affairs over 2,000 killed.

A small government force at Tullowan had sustained an attack of several hours, though only ten men defended it. The assaulters then moved off, taking with them the wives and children of the defenders who were in the village.

THE EX-KING OF DELHI.—From the Delhi Gazette.

The trial of the ex King of Delhi commenced on Wednesday, Jan. 27, in the Dewan Khas of the Palace. It was half-past twelve before the prisoner was brought in. He appeared very infirm, and tottered into court supported on one side by the "interesting youth," Jumma Bukht, and on the other by a confidential servant, and coiled himself into a small bundle upon the cushion assigned to him. He presented a picture of helpless imbecility. His son, Jumma Bukht, stood a few yards to his left, and a guard of rifles beyond all.

The prosecutor read the charges against the prisoner, stating that, although the prisoner might be fully convicted by the court, no capital sentence could be passed upon him, in consequence of his life having been guaranteed to him by General Wilson in a promise conveyed through Captain Hodgson.

On the sixth day, the translation of a letter, dated the 24th of March, addressed to the late Mr. Colvil, Lieut. Governor N. W. P., was read, disclosing the fact that as far back as a year and a half ago secret emissaries were sent by the King of Delhi to Persia, through the agency of one Mahomed Hussun Usktheree, the object of which was evidently to obtain assistance to complete the overthrow of British power in India. The perusal of the letter, which bears both the Delhi and Agra postmark, excited considerable sensation in court.

On the seventh and eighth days the prosecutor examined, through the interpreter, a person named Jutmull, formerly newswriter to the Lieutenant Governor at Agra. His evidence confirmed all we have already heard concerning the cold-blooded atrocities committed absolutely under the prisoner's own apartments in the palace. The canal water, which ran through the place of execution, was, it appears, used for the purpose of washing away all traces of the bloody deed.

The court was occupied the whole of the eleventh day with the examination of a person named Chunee, formerly editor of a native paper, entitled the Delhi News, conducted on a novel principle, the editor's duty being to write his paper full, and then carry it around and read it to his subscribers! Chunee concluded his evidence by replying to a question as to who gave the order to massacre the Europeans: "The King himself; who else could give the order?"

On the twelfth day "Golam" was examined, and gave some particulars of the massacre of Europeans inside the palace, of which he was an eye witness.

A telegram received at Bombay, states that the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life to the Andamans.

FRANCE.—On Friday, March 19, a law was laid before the Legislative body, prohibiting the making or selling of percussion caps, in which fulminating mercury is an ingredient, save to certain privileged parties, and a tax of 50 per cent. *ad valorem* is laid on the article itself, which is valuated at an annual produce of 800,000f. to the exchequer.

The conspirator de Rudio, whose life was spared, is said to have informed the French government of the many refugees in London who are pledged to the assassination of the Emperor.

A letter from Marseilles of the 17th ult., reports that 37 individuals arrested under the new penal law of general safety were embarked on the preceding day on the steam packet Cairo, to be transported to Algeria.

☞ An alchemist, who knew that Leo the Tenth was a great encourager of the arts and sciences, addressed him on a discovery he had made of turning other metals into gold. The Pope read his address with great attention. Whilst the philosopher was gaping after his remuneration from his holiness, he received from the Pope a very large empty purse, with these words, "You can fill it."

☞ One of the Western editors speaking of a large and fat cotemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I suspect I am," said the fat man, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

☞ Of all things, wisdom is the most terrified with epidemical fanaticism; of all enemies, it is that against which she is the least able to furnish any kind of resource.

"Th' ingredients of health and long life are
Great temperance, open air,
Easy labor, little care."

—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

☞ Mrs. Fletcher, the famous Edinburgh beauty, to whom Jeffrey and Sydney Smith were proud to pay court, has recently died at the age of 89. She lived next door to Walter Scott, and disliked him so much for his toryism that she would never meet him.

☞ The late Rufus Griswold, in whose presence, shortly before his death, reference was made to a temporary author with whom his relations were not pleasant, interrupted the speaker with, "Stop! Don't mention —— to me. He's the 'booksellers' mumps.' They never have him but 'once.'"

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

"John Smith," of "Old John" memory, is again at sea, and stretches an imaginary arm over three thousand miles of salt water to shake hands with the readers of "The Post."

After a separation of nearly a year, we are about to be re-introduced by our editorial friends, Messrs. Deacon & Peterson; for, if I remember aright, it was during the month of February, 1857, that they published "My Last Glance at My Last Cruise," and it is now January, 1858. And now, instead of being in Philadelphia, subject to a semi-daily vibration between the Navy Yard and the northwest corner of Ninth and Spruce, as was my wont, I find myself in a United States war steamer, anchored within half a mile of the town of Funchal, Island of Madeira. I will tell you, reader, how it was that I came to leave that famous old northwest corner, and how it was that I awoke one cold foggy morning and found myself on board of this magnificent ship, safely moored alongside the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, Va. Then I will tell you something about two illustrious guests, and end my first letter by commencing our voyage to China.

It was the 7th of October, 1857, and I was seated in a ground-floor room of that same old, quaint-looking, "northwest corner." I occupied an arm-chair upon one side of the bright coal fire, my wife a rocking-chair upon the other. I was smoking a very fairly-flavored Havana cigar, and feeling marvellously comfortable; and my wife was knitting an infant's cloak of white worsted, and feeling very uncomfortable. She was listening to a rising dispute between the owner of said infant's cloak and his Hibernian nurse. This infant (aged three months) evidently looked upon the City Hall clock as an old fogy style of time-keeper, because it did not keep time with *his* chronometer; and thinking thus, resorted to a succession of disjointed ejaculations, to inform others that *his* was to be regarded as the standard. In plain English—he was crying for his dinner, being noisily hungry.

The name of this famishing small man was John Smith, Jr., and he had been saddled with it against my most vehement opposition. My ground for this opposition was remarkable for its simplicity. I thought that there were enough John Smiths in this world already. As is generally the case, however, I was eventually driven from my position, being actually convinced that *I had no business to think at all*, when I gloomily consented to his joining the "John Smith brotherhood." Then I began to look around me for some consoling antidote, and was shortly rewarded by the discovery that though "John Smith, Jr.," might be a very common name, still this particular John Smith, Jr., *in propriâ personâ*, was certainly a most uncommon small man. I was impelled to this conviction by the fact that he much preferred sleeping quietly in his Moore & Campion's black walnut crib through the night, to being "walked up and down" a dimly-lighted room at unnatural hours, by John Smith, Sr.; and by the further fact that, in spite of his tender years, he had evidently been aware of my opposition to the name about to be forced upon him, of which opposition he himself as evidently partook. This knowledge as to passing events, he demonstrated in a most violent manner, for when he was presented at the chancel of a neighboring church for baptism, he cheered-ship so lustily, and with such perseverance, that it was with difficulty we could hear even detached portions of the service. He was consequently hurried home in disgrace as soon as his presence could be dispensed with, and when next seen "at home" by his mortified parents, was in the highest imaginable spirits. In justice to him, however, it must be granted that he seldom cried *out of a dark room*. He generally looked sober and sedate, and attended to his own business, especially about meal-hours. Poor, helpless little "small man!" Sometimes I dream of him now, but that is all. Even the eye of affection cannot pierce the three thousand miles of salt water that separate us. And when I dream, I sometimes awake, and then I light a candle and hold it before a large photograph of a group of three that hangs at the head of my bunk, where I see him in his mother's arms, looking more sober and sedate than ever in his dreamless (?) sleep.

"John," said my wife, looking up suddenly, as I threw the ashes of my cigar thoughtfully toward the fire; "John, you look worried. What is the matter?"

I put my hand in my pocket, turned away my head, as if necessary to the accomplishment of some object, and hauled out a long white envelope, a government document.

"Here's another letter that I kept back," I replied. "I wanted to keep it from you for a few days yet. I think I may go to sea soon."

To the best of my knowledge, I never swindled a widow out of "her all," yet at that moment I felt very much as I would imagine a man to feel who *had* done so. I commenced to whistle and broke down into a cough. Then I bit off the end of my cigar, and finally threw it away—it no longer seemed to have any flavor. I felt also a closeness about the throat, and with my right hand worked nervously at the collar, as if the cravat were tight. My wife took the document, and bent over it palely. Here is what she saw:

"Sir—You are hereby detached from the Navy Yard, and, according to request, will hold yourself in readiness for further orders to the Powhatan."

"According to request!" repeated a tremulous voice. "John, I thought you *promised* me never to *apply* for orders to sea again?"

"Well! I didn't exactly *apply*. But the fact is, I—ahem! I thought—" Here I came to a stand still, and for a very simple reason—I couldn't make any more headway.

"Ah, me! Another three-year cruise! Where is all this to end!" sighed a voice, the hopeless tones of which made me feel as if I had also "robbed the orphan."

"Well! the fact is," I recommenced, as I bit off the end of a fresh cigar, and gained courage as the ice cracked; "the fact is, I don't want to go to sea again in a second edition of the Old John. There are now unfortunately *five* vessels fitting out, and in less than three months they must be officered. I look at the Navy Register and see that lieutenants are scarce, that *I* am what they call 'available,' and that consequently I may *certainly* expect orders to one of those five vessels. Now some of these are second editions of the Old John—*almost*: while one of them I know to be just the reverse. The name of this latter is the Powhatan, and on board of her I shall be both safe and comfortable. I have therefore made the best of a bad bargain—I have *applied* for orders to a fine ship *at once* rather than await them to an oblong-sea-going-tub a month hence. When you hear the wind whistling around the chimneys this winter, you will console yourself with the reflection that I am not cruising in a floating coffin such as 'the Old John.' Going to sea is a miserable life, view it in what light you will, still it is better than remaining on shore upon the verge of a genteel starvation. Come here, small man! How do you find yourself by this time, old fellow?" * * * *

Ten days had passed, and another document was at the door. It ordered "Lieut. John Smith" to be at the Portsmouth Navy Yard on the 10th of November, and to report for duty on board of the Powhatan on that day. During this interval of ten days vast preparations had been made in the outfitting-line. Retail dry-goodsmen had opened their eyes to see one person buying under-clothes by the score; and a certain boot-maker near Sixth and Market asked anxiously if there had been "a rise in the leather market?" I received this second document upon the 10th of October. I had consequently exactly a month to "veer and haul upon." We determined to pass it in the country, upon a relative's farm, whose retired shores were washed upon three sides by the oyster-filled waters of the sea-like Chesapeake. A hack and two "furniture cars" were required to take the Smith family and baggage to the Baltimore depot. "Two furniture cars of baggage!" So much for "living in a trunk."

Our "month in the country" passed like "a week in town," and the 10th of November found us on the Norfolk boat. The 11th saw me once more upon the deck of a sea-going steamer of war. Smith, Jr., his mother, and nurse, found questionable shelter under the roof of a one-horse-boarding-house on the Norfolk side. Reader, be warned by the misfortunes of others; profit by the experience of a traveller—steer clear of "a Norfolk boarding house."

Upon reporting at the Navy Yard, I found most of my future mess-mates doing the same thing. They were greatly surprised at the unfinished appearance of the steamer, and saw at a glance that she could not be ready for sea much under a month. We rubbed our hands at this prospect of a whole month with our families, and made ourselves scarce after being informed by the captain that the ship would not be ready to receive us for two weeks. I say "our families," for ten of us out of the fourteen who were to compose "the ward-room mess," were married men. The two weeks passed quickly—too quickly, when the ship was "put into commission," and delivered into our charge. It was on the 23rd of November that we took our first dinner on board, and commenced keeping regular watches. Now it was that our hearts began to feel lonely. There were only four of us to keep watch, hence we were away from "our one-horse-boarding-houses" three nights and two days out of the four. I remember very keenly the feeling of surprised disappointment with which I discovered that Smith, Jr., had entirely lost the run of me during that first absence of sixty-two hours.

"If he *ain't* forgot his father!" exclaimed the nurse.

"Come, small man! none of this humbug, old fellow!" It required a full half hour's recourse to various familiar sounds, &c., before he could retrace those sixty-two hours with his infant mind and recall me. Finally he succeeded—apparently at a jump. I looked ahead three years, and felt sad as I imagined the cruise ended and he old enough to be shy of the unknown arrival.

"I must give up the sea after this cruise," I thought. "One sacrifices too much."

"You must either go to sea or be content to live upon the verge of a genteel starvation!" whispered the voice of common sense. * *

Extract from my journal. "It is the 8th of December, and we are anchored several miles below Norfolk. We left the Navy Yard yesterday morning expecting to be well at sea by this time, but an unavoidable accident to our engine brought us to a sudden anchor—a halt of several days apparently. It is seven o'clock in the evening, and it has been dark for more than an hour. Just after dusk the Baltimore boat passed within fifty yards of us—the channel was so narrow. The wives of several of us were on board of her, straining through the increasing gloom to recognise familiar forms by the light of the lantern we had agreed to wave as a final adieu. I thought I saw an infant's form held up to a lighted window, and dim figures in the shadowy back-ground. We thought, too, that we heard female voices tremulous with emotion lifting their united strength in answer to our signal. But, after all, it was but 'thought,' and uncertainty poisoned our last parting.

"'Come!' said the voice of a dejected three-year-widower. 'Come! she is out of sight. Let us go below and write them letters for to-morrow's mail. That will afford them more satisfaction than our standing here.'

"'Wave the light once more!' pleaded a second. 'They may see it!'

"'Oh, no! she's entirely out of sight!' said a third. "'It's all over!'

"'Blast the navy!' ended No. 2. 'I wonder how starving would agree with one's health?'"

The 10th arrived, and we were still at anchor waiting for the navy yard workmen to repair our broken valve-stem. Several of us were just wondering if we should get a last letter before sailing, when a boat arrived from Norfolk with the mail. We each had a horried page, telling of their safe arrival, and hoping that we might not sail before hearing. They told us also that they had tried to make us hear them as the lantern was waved. It is singular how much satisfaction a little "P. S." like that often imparts—we immediately became as well satisfied as it was possible for men to be under the circumstances. Thus we parted.

It is barely probable that some wary old reader of the Post may say—"I wonder if this fellow Smith has really gone to sea again, or if he is only gulling us with imaginary adventures—sitting quietly in some brick house?" Should such a "wonder" ever present itself, I have only to refer the wonderer to the daily papers of Dec., 1857, where he will find the "sailing of the U. S. steamer Powhatan for the East Indies" duly recorded, and more than probably a full list of her officers also. And here I will take occasion, in this my introductory letter, to warn the reader that he is to expect no such hair-breadth escapes, no such accounts of hardship and exposure, in this, my present cruise, as I passed through while attached to "the Old John." Then I was on board of a miserable old maritime coffin, and engaged upon a desperate service which led us into hardships and strange places; while now I am attached to the flag ship of the East India squadron, on board of which I shall probably have a quiet time, and be carried to none but frequented ports. I am one of those, however, who believe that a dozen men may go over the same ground, and each one find something interesting to write about. I hope, therefore, even to follow over a beaten track and pick up stray objects of interest which have been either overlooked or neglected by previous travellers. In the words of the excited Frenchman—"We shall see vat we *shall see*."

When it was definitely determined to send the Powhatan out to China, via Madeira, St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius and Singapore, the government, with kind and considerate attention, offered the use of our spar-deck-cabin to Ex-President and Mrs. Pierce. The latter was in delicate health, and had been advised to try the effect of a few months residence at Madeira. The cabin thus placed at their disposal was large, well ventilated, and comfortably furnished. It had already been fitted up for the Commodore, who had been ordered out *over land* in advance, and now received considerable additions in the shape of bed-linen, comfortable chairs and invalid lounges, &c., all at the government expense. In addition to this the ship herself was probably the steadiest and most comfortable at sea of any vessel afloat. Thus everything was peculiarly adapted to secure an invalid every possible guard against the drawbacks attendant upon all sea voyages. Our guests arrived on board at 11, A. M., of the 7th, and we at once cast off from the yard and steamed down the river. Curious (called *patriotic*) citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth crowded the wharves to see us pass, and waved hats and cheered lustily as the "receiving-ship" Pennsylvania saluted the Ex-President with 21 guns. One more extract from my journal and I end this letter.

"Dec. 11th, 1857. It is sunset, and I am again at sea. At daylight this morning we got underway, and at 9, A. M., stopped our huge wheels and discharged the pilot. He got into his cockle-shell of a boat which had pulled from his expectant schooner to receive him, and left us at the bright end of our three-thousand-mile passage.

"'Ring four bells!' ordered the first lieutenant from his elevated station on the hurricane deck. The officer stationed at 'the bell' obeyed the order; the heavy wheels turned slowly, faster, faster yet; and the boiling water thrown off with increasing power, foamed and splashed and surged against our inert counters. Soon the heavy mass began to gather headway, slowly at first, but steadily increasing. Now we are under full headway, and our white and turbid wake points to the glorious land, which some, alas! may never see again. Three years is a long, long interval; and its fruits are hidden by the clustering leaves of an impenetrable future."

NO FLATTERY.—A curious incident occurred at one of the prayer-meetings down town last week. An unctuous brother, who, it appears, is a kind of out-door clerk for one of the lottery swindles situated in a Broadway basement not far from the Park, and who has been long noted as one of the hardest kind of characters, after chuckling out in nasal spasms a general confession of his sins, and exulting over his curious "conversion," besought the prayers of the assembly in his behalf.

His request was immediately complied with by a younger brother, who seemed well posted on the past career and present mode of life of the oily "convert."

This gentleman instantly set up a fervid prayer in behalf of "Brother L——." He implored for mercy for the corpulent sinner, although, as he averred, "Brother L——'s long life of fraud extended beyond the reach of mercy that was not infinite in its nature."—Brother L—— rather winced at this literal compliance with his own solicitation, but quite regardless of this, the seathing supplicator went on. "Thou knowest," he proceeded, "that no sinful wretch stands in greater need of mercy than Brother L——! Forgive him for his robbery of the widow and the poor! forgive him for his long life of fraud! Turn his heart this day from lusting after the nefarious profits of the policy business! Awaken him to a knowledge of the sinfulness of false pretences, and the purchase of stolen goods, and inspire him with a determination to pay his debts!"

Quite a lively altercation ensued outside a few minutes afterwards, between Brother L—— and the gentleman who had prayed so pointedly in his behalf, which would probably have terminated unpleasantly but for the interference of a policeman.—*N. Y. Paper.*

For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,
The purest emblem of the bliss above,
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,
Bless and be blessed, adore and be adored;
To draw new rapture from another's joy;
To share each pang, and half its sting destroy
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,
That hearts to hearts, and hands to hands can bind.

☞ The palm of sincere applause will be given to the dexterous skirmishing debater, who knows how to avoid the depths of his subject, and sport amusingly in the glittering shallows; who makes no hard demands upon the reasoning faculties of his auditors, but appeals to their memories rather than to their judgment, and undermines a motion which he cannot condemn, by an ingenious charge of inconsistency in the mover.—*Lister.*

SANDALPHON.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress—
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By the music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the frenzy and passion of prayer—
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know—
A fable, a phantom, a show
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

LORD BYRON'S TERRIBLE SECRET.—The unhappy character of Lord Byron may perhaps be traced to the secret of his terrible deformity, the extent of which was never suspected even by his nearest friends, and which is now revealed to the world for the first time (as mentioned briefly in our last paper) by his friend, Mr. Trelawny. The little vanity which was one of the illustrious poet's saddest weaknesses, made this a source of continual irritation during his life, and at his death he exacted from his confidential servant a solemn promise that no one should see his body, in order that the secret should descend with him to the grave. How the dying injunction of the noble poet was defeated is told by the *Athenæum*:

Mr. Trelawny was not with Byron at Missolonghi when he died; but he arrives while his friend lies dead in the house. By a stratagem, he sends the trusty Fletcher out of the room in which his dead master lies—that Fletcher whom the dying poet has commanded on no account whatsoever to allow his body to be uncovered after death—and, we grieve to say it, Mr. Trelawny, contrary to the poet's wish, uncovers his friend's feet. What does he find?

"I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water. On his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered—the great mystery was solved. Both his feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet of a sylvan satyr. This was a curse, chaining a proud and soaring spirit like his to the dull earth. It was generally thought this halting gait originated in some defect of the right foot or ankle—the right foot was the most distorted, and it had been made worse in his boyhood by vain efforts to set it right. His shoes were peculiar—very high heeled, with the soles uncommonly thick on the inside, and pared thin on the outside—the toes were stuffed with cotton-wool, and his trowsers were very large below the knee, and strapped down so as to cover his feet. The peculiarity of his gait was now accounted for; he entered a room with a sort of run, as if he could not stop, then planted his best leg well forward, throwing back his body to keep his balance. In early life, whilst his frame was light and elastic, with the aid of a stick he might have tottered along a mile or two; but after he had waxed heavier, he seldom attempted to walk more than a few hundred yards, without leaning against the first wall, bank, rock, or tree at hand, never sitting on the ground, as it would have been difficult for him to get up again. In the company of strangers, occasionally, he would make desperate efforts to conceal his infirmity, but the hectic flush on his face, his swelling veins, and quivering nerves betrayed him, and he suffered for many days after such exertions."

THE GENTRY OF ENGLAND.—The greatest moral philosopher of modern times, Lord Bacon, has said, "It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect; how much more so to behold an ancient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time." (*Fourteenth Essay.*) And Bacon expressed an English social sentiment in the foregoing passage. It is a fact, also, that when the liberties of the country were endangered, the Stuarts found no more formidable opponents than in many of the families of the genuine old English stock. Many new men, and not a few upstart, were bribed and intimidated by the tools of despotism, but great resistance was experienced from the far descended and freeborn gentry of the realm! Hampden, of Great Hampden, in Bucks, though inheriting no title, was what would now be called "an aristocrat." Pym was a country gentleman; Sir Harry Vane belonged to an ancient stock; the Sidneys, Russels, Fairfaxes, and Montagues, were of high-born race.

MIRACLES ATTENDING OUR Saviour's Passion Recorded in Profane History.

Phlegon, A. D. 138, says Jesus Christ, according to the prophecies which had before spoken of him, came to his Passion in the eighteenth year of Tiberius, at which time, in other, even in heathen memoirs, we find it written to this purpose: "There was an eclipse of the sun. Bithynia was shaken by an earthquake, and in the city of Nice many houses were overturned."

It may be doubted, perhaps, whether these memoirs record or relate to the miracles attending our Lord's Passion; but there are other references more distinct and reliable, particularly that of Tertullian, in his Apology for the Christians against the Heathen, the most eloquent and powerful defence of the Christian religion which had then been written. It was addressed, between A. D. 199 and 205, to the Roman provincial governor. Tertullian declares that Pontius Pilate was constrained by the malicious machinations of the Jews to devote Jesus Christ to death upon the cross, that there he soon gave up the ghost, and prevented the office of the executioner, and then adds:—"At the same time, while the sun was yet in mid-heaven, the light of day was withdrawn; insomuch that they who knew not that this had been predicted of Christ, supposed it to be an eclipse. *And yet this catastrophe of the world you yourselves have recorded in your own archives.*"

Again: Lucien, the martyr of Antioch, in his Apology, addressed to the Emperor Maximinus, A. D. 312, says: "Look into your own annals. There you will find that in the time of Pilate, when Christ suffered, the sun was obscured, and the light of day was interrupted with darkness."

It is well known that the Romans carefully preserved public annals of current events occurring not only at Rome, but in the provinces of the empire. In the opinion of the learned, therefore, these apologists here make their confident appeal to such public records, in attestation of those which attended the death of Jesus Christ, as related by the evangelists. "Divers of the most remarkable circumstances attending our Saviour's crucifixion," says the learned Dr. Samuel Clarke, "were recorded in the public Roman registers, and earnestly appealed to by the first Christians, as what would not be denied by the adversaries themselves." Grotius also declares that there were not only private histories, like that of Phlegon, but public records, to which Christians were accustomed to appeal, not only in attestation of the star which appeared after the birth of Christ, but of the earthquake and the miraculous darkness which occurred about the time of His crucifixion.—*American Presbyterian.*

ANECDOTES OF CHILDREN.—A little boy in one of our public schools was interpreting the Sermon on the Mount, in a manner somewhat differing from the best commentator. He read: "Ye—can—not—serve—God—and—WOMAN!"

Gussy S——, aged six, writing to her aunt and namesake, who has been very ill, was desirous of sending a very amusing epistle to the invalid. She told her all the home news she could think of, about the cats, the dog, and the birds. Now, it so happened that one unfortunate puss had by some accident lost her tail. Gussy was going to write down this afflicting incident; but paused, saying very gravely:—"Aunt Maria, I think I won't write that: *it might agitate Aunt Augusta!*"

A classmate of mine, whom for convenience I will call Adams, was some years since chosen Governor of his native State. His eldest daughter, a very observing and thoughtful child, was then just two years and eight months old, but could talk distinctly, and, as my story proves, could reason remarkably well. She had heard the people who constantly called on her father, inquiring at the door if "Governor Adams was in?" A few days after this, as she was sitting alone on the nursery floor, her mother, in an adjoining room, overheard her in the following soliloquy, which we think can be put against any modern "juvenility," as evincing close observation, correct reasoning, and withal a due sense of personal dignity in so young a child: "My papa is Governor Adams; my mamma is *Mrs.* Governor Adams; and *I* am *Miss* Governor Adams!"—*Knickerbocker.*

FOOLISH METHODS OF EDUCATION.—Cutting and caustic were the words of Spurzheim, the Phrenologist, in relation to the educational imprisonment of children. They are not less applicable to those of a larger growth.

"You have a little boy—he may be four years old—you think there is no time to be lost, and you send him to school. There he is confined for hours, and compelled to sit upon a bench, and look upon a book. He hears the voices of children playing without—he half rises to look from the window—a rap upon the teacher's desk recalls him to his seat upon the bench—a glance shows him the kite sailing in the air, to the delight, no doubt, of its happy little proprietor—the poor child is almost involuntarily again upon his feet—another rap, and he again drops into his seat, upon the bench. Day after day, week after week, month after month, the little fellow returns to his prison, and sits upon the bench. At length he becomes pale and languid, loses his appetite, grows restless at night, has a cough, and loses his flesh and spirits. Ought he not to be taken from the bench? The consequences of this would be terrible—he would lose his rank in that school! So he continues to sit upon the bench. After a few weeks more, he is brought home. He fainted, as he sat upon the bench! Matters begin to wear a serious aspect. The doctor is called—pronounces him very ill. A great pity he had been compelled to sit so long upon the bench. It is all over with the poor child. Ere long he dies. A sad calamity! *But, thank God, there is one precious consolation—before he died, he had learned his A B C.*"

BURNING GLASSES.—The largest burning glass in the world is now at Pekin, where it was left by an English officer; it is three feet in diameter, and is three and a half inches thick through its centre, and weighs two hundred and twelve pounds; ten grains of common slate were fused by it in two seconds, and ten grains of cast iron in three.

A DUST STORY.—The following story is told of the Turkish officer who is Mohammed Pacha's secretary. He has been used to the sandy deserts of Syria, and on going out yesterday afternoon, found himself enveloped in a whirlwind of dust.

Suddenly (so the story goes) he was heard to call upon Allah in a loud voice, and throw himself flat on his face in the street. Some of the bystanders lifted him up, under the impression that he had been taken with an epileptic fit; but on being questioned, he stared wildly around him, and asked whether it was possible it was over so soon?

"What is over?" asked Mr. Oscanyan, who happened to be passing, addressing him in his native tongue.

"Oh! Effendi!" cried the Arab. "I was walking through this pleasant bazaar, wondering at the beauty of the unveiled women, and thinking how far away I was from my native desert, when behold, I raised my eyes and beheld a cloud of dust, loftier than the loftiest simoom of Sahara, coming toward me. Certain that I was about to perish by the most miserable of deaths, I did according to the fashion of the desert, and sought to escape the simoom by burying my face in the sand. I had scarcely done so when those people lifted me up, and behold the simoom was no longer there."

Oscanyan laughed, and told the Arab that what he believed to be the simoom was simply the accumulated dust of the city, swept by the wind, and that the inhabitants were so accustomed to it that they went on, year after year, without taking any preventive measures.

But the Arab shook his head as he passed on, and muttered to himself:

"Mashall'ah! but they are a wonderful people, these Yankees! We have the simoom only in the desert, but they have it in their streets!"

A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.—Plunging into the Dead Sea, Mr. W. C. Prime reports is not agreeable. He says:—

"If there were words to express an agony that no one has experienced I would use them here. I cannot conceive worse torture than that plunge caused me. Every inch of my skin smarted and stung as if a thousand nettles had been whipped over it. My face was as if dipped in boiling oil, the skin under my hair and beard was absolute fire, my eyes were balls of anguish, and my nostrils hot as the nostrils of Lucifer. I howled with pain, but I suspended when I heard Whitely's voice. He had swallowed some of the water, and coughed it up into his nose and the tubes under his eyes. The effect was to overcome all pain elsewhere while that torture endured. It came near being a serious matter with him, and, as it was, his voice suffered for a week, his eyes and nose were inflamed as if with a severe cold, and the pain continued severe for several days. Recovering our feet with difficulty, we stood pictures of despair, not able to open our eyes, and increasing the pain by every attempt we made to rub them with our wet hands or arms."

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, however
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

—*Wordsworth.*

Useful Receipts.

CHALK FOR WARTS.—A correspondent—W. H. Bennett, of Warwick, R. I.—informs us that by rubbing chalk frequently on warts, they will disappear. In several instances known to him in which this simple remedy was tried, it proved successful. We have known slightly moistened pearl-ash to remove warts by rubbing it upon them.—*Scientific American.*

MILK WASTING FROM THE TEATS OF COWS.—Your correspondent, P. M'C., inquires for a remedy. Let him get from the druggist a small quantity of *Collodion*, or "liquid cuticle," and when the cow has been milked, apply it to the end of the teats. It instantly will form a thin tough skin, which will close the orifice and prevent the emission of the milk. At milking time the false skin can be broken through, and the cow milked, and the *collodion* again applied. In a week or ten days there will be no necessity for further application, as the defect will be cured.—D. L. ADAIR, *in Country Gentleman.*

A GOOD WHITEWASH.—As this is the season of the year when people begin to clean up, and make things look fresh for the approaching summer, we copy from the last *Scientific American* the following in respect to the best and cheapest whitewashes, both for the inside and outside of houses:—

"Take half a bushel of fresh-burned white lime, and slack it either with hot or cold water, in a tub or barrel. When thoroughly slacked, dissolve in the water required to thin the lime, two quarts of common salt, stir it thoroughly, add one quart of sweet milk, and it is ready for use to put on with a brush."

This wash is for the outside of buildings, fences, &c., and is very durable. Some put glue in whitewash, and others flour and rice paste; but these render it liable to scale off in very dry weather.

The above wash may be made a cream color, by the addition of ochre.

The above whitewash is all that can be desired for the interior of houses, excepting the salt, which must be omitted, as it tends to imbibe moisture. French white is superior to lime washes for the ceilings of rooms, as it is not so liable to turn yellowish in color, but it rubs off so easily that it cannot be used for side walls.

SPRAINS.—G. W. S., of Collinsville, Illinois, tells us, that having a severely sprained ankle he took a tea-cup full of common salt and a pint of sweet milk, and boiled them together till of the consistency of a poultice; then spread this on a cloth, and bound it round the ankle. The next morning there was a little weakness but the soreness and lameness were all gone. Our correspondent says that cider vinegar will salt, is also good, and just as good for horse and cattle as for men, and should be applied in the same way.

LOOKING EAST:

IN JANUARY 1856.

"Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me,
And hid mine acquaintance out of my sight."

Little white clouds, where are you flying
Over the sky so blue and cold?
Fair faint hopes why are you lying
Over my heart like a white cloud's fold?

Little green leaves, why are you peeping
Out of the mould where the snow yet lies?
Teying west wind, why are you creeping
Like a child's breath across my eyes?

Hope and terror by turns consuming,
Lover and friend put far from me—
What should *I* do with the bright spring's coming
Like an angel over the sea?

Over the cruel sea that parted
Me from mine—is't for evermore?
Out of the woful East, whence dashed
Heaven's full quiver of vengeance sore

Day touches day—night whispers morning,
"Hundreds are weeping their dead, and thou
Weepest thy living! Rise, be adorning
Thy brows, unwidowed, with smiles." But how?

Oh, had he married me—unto anguish,
Hardship, sickness, peril, and pain,
If on my breast his head might languish,
In lonely jungle or burning plain:

Oh, had we stood on the rampart gory,
Till he—ere Horror behind us trod—
Kissed me, and killed me, and with his glory
My soul went happy and pure to God!

Nay, nay—God pardon me, broken-hearted,
Living this dreary life in death;
Many there are far wider parted
Who under one roof-tree breathe one breath.

But we *that loved*—whom one word half broken
Had drawn together close soul to soul,
As lip to lip—and it was not spoken,
Nor may be, while the world's ages roll

I sit me down with the tears all frozen:
I drink my cup, be it gall or wine:
I know, if he lives, I am his chosen;
I know, if he dies, that he is mine.

If love in its silence be greater, stronger
Than hundred vows, or sighs, or tears,
Soul, wait thou on Him a little longer
Who holdeth the balance of thy years.

Little white clouds, like angels flying,
Bring the young spring from over the sea:
Loving or losing, living or dying,
Heaven, remember—remember me!

—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

My extravagant course had already left me destitute of any further funds than the wages I took from week to week. "The Factory," which I have spoken of as the female convicts' place of restraint, was under the charge of a female superintendent. She was a person who had moved in a good rank of society in the old country and her husband had been appointed one of official surveyors for the colony, but died almost immediately on landing. The Governor, commiserating the situation of his wife and family, consisting of two sons and three daughters, had appointed the widow to her present office. They had a range of apartments in the building to themselves, and (between their own property and the salary) were well enough off in money matters. I was intimate with the eldest son, and as soon as they heard that I was out of my situation at the Mill, they insisted on my staying with them till I could provide for myself. I did so, but it went sorely against my pride. The more flattering and soothing they made their acts of kindness the more painful and irksome did they become. I feel now that this sentiment was not a whit better than the course that led me into the circumstances under which I felt it. To be too proud to accept the frank-hearted, generous sympathy of others, under whatever conditions, is to be mean without knowing enough to be aware of it. But in fact at that time, though nearly twenty-two years of age, I did know nothing. It would have been immeasurably better for me, so far as acquaintance with the world and with the relations existing betwixt it and myself were concerned, to have grown up a barefooted boy of the streets.

Prudent as was the proposal of these people to me to stay with them till I obtained some employment I liked, and kind as was their style of enforcing it on me, I could not long endure what seemed to me a degrading obligation; but seized the first situation which presented itself. My residence with them was of about five or six week's duration; and my time in most respects passed pleasantly enough. Still it was a painful thing to have constantly before one's eyes so many women, from the gray-headed down to the almost child, all criminal.

As I have intimated, in about six weeks I left my friendly advisers and took a situation in Sydney. It was with a firm of butchers, doing a very large business. It soon proved that I neither suited them, nor they me. In this instance again I went downward morally. The short business hours I was required to keep, the strenuous activity necessary during their continuance, so different from the easy going student life I had been bred to, together with the warm, luxurious climate, all prompted to the free use of intoxicating beverages. Besides what I used, or rather abused during the day, there seldom passed an evening that summer on which I did not sit down with acquaintances after supper, and drink ten or a dozen wine glasses of strong Jamaica rum. As for keeping the Sabbath, except as a day of more than ordinary freedom from duty and sobriety;—that seemed by this period to have passed entirely from my thoughts.

I have often of late days thought what an incalculable blessing it would have been to me for there to have been an anti-liquor law in operation wherever I was, throughout the first few years of being my own master, till, in fact, my habits were somewhat settled for life. Observe what was the state of things in my case in the present instance. If liquor had not been obtainable, I should have had about nine pounds, or above forty dollars coming to me; enough to have paid all my necessary expenses for three months. *As it was I had not one penny.* I walked up the street absolutely penniless.

I walked to the end of the street, thought which way to go, and saw instantly that all ways were now alike to me. A sudden impression came over me that if I wished to save myself from utter perdition I must go out of Sydney: must go away and live in the country, where no rum could be got. I had heard of quite a number of instances since I had been in the colony of young men of good education drinking themselves into homelessness, and then committing suicide: and I had ever a loathing, mingled with scorn, for suicide. It seemed to me that a man must be at once a monster and a reptile to turn his hand against himself, instead of against what was afflicting him; and that it was meanness inconceivable to shut the door of hope against himself; whilst I was also fully aware that I was no more than others, and that what they had been driven to I might be driven to by a sufficient stress of circumstances. I turned, went back down the street again, took a single change of linen from my box, told them (for it was in the house where I was employed, and had been lodging,) that I would send for my baggage as soon as possible, and started once more. As I hurried along toward the turnpike, I felt a sort of fierce exultation, that whatever I was suffering, however desperate my circumstances, no one could discern the fact. My cool, defiant stoicism chose rather to assume the air of indolent unconcern of one who felt nothing but ennui. Yet every minute was as an hour to me till I could get out into the country roads, away from human eyes. Each of these people, I said, has a home; I have none. Each of them has a next meal preparing; I have none. Each has a purpose, a hope, friends, love; I have nothing—save, indeed, myself and an insurmountable fate of evil; two rare colleagues, truly,—overwhelming sensitiveness and unvarying disaster.

On I toiled—straight on—along the dusty roads. And yet it was only by the most determined effort that I could walk. I seemed to be moving the weight of a mountain at every step. The roads were getting clear of travellers for the night; the evening was gloomy and oppressive, the forests of iron-bark trees on the roadside, limbless to a great height, charred black with the bushfires, close and countless, gave me a feeling of passing through an army of gigantic fiends.

The sun went down, the twilight passed into dark night, and still I kept on. The lights in Parramatta appeared; I entered the town, passed house after house, heard the human voices, saw the human forms around me, but still went on. I had no claim on any roof there. I recognized well-known tones, saw well-known forms of the young, the happy, the beautiful, glide along within the illuminated chambers! On, on! The lights yet flashed across the tract of low scrub from the Factory; my friends were not yet retired to rest; but not the most distant thought had I of going thither. I might have gone, have been well entertained, escaped at once from all. But I would not. And now the rain came drifting, mist-like at first, but cold, on short-lived gusts of wind. Many a house I passed that would have opened its doors to me and rejoiced to give me shelter from the night and the coming storm. But I could not receive it. Nothing I had, nothing I wanted; only I felt that overcome I must by no means be. For some ten years did this feeling predominate within me. I had fallen below desire, below fear, but not below the masculine instinct of doing battle against all finite force.

I left the lights, the roofs, the well-beloved voices, and the well known forms behind, for night and darkness and rain and howling wind and storm-tossed forests. No doubt I was merely choosing that without which was in harmony with that within. It was gray morning by the time I crossed the bridge and was rising the hill into Windsor. I had walked about six-and-thirty miles. The townsfolk were as yet unrisen. But on the top of the hill, entering the town, I came full on the Chief of the Police and a couple of his subordinates going their rounds.

"Stand!—who are you?"

"A traveller."

"Where did you come from?"

"Sydney."

"This is a queer night to come from Sydney in."

"So I found it."

"Well, what are you—a bushranger?"

"A free emigrant."

"Where is the proof?"

"What proof?"

"What have you to show? Have you any pass?"

"What do I want of a pass?"

"How long are you in the colony?"

"Only a few months."

"Well, then, I must tell you that you can't travel here without a pass, Mr. Free Emigrant. This is a prison country; and if you could travel the roads without a pass or a certificate of freedom, so might the most desperate outlaw. We are authorized to arrest every person who cannot satisfy us of his freedom. You will have to go to the lockup till court-time."

I was not sorry to throw myself, soaked with the rain as I was, on the hard plank of a cell. I was weary to numbness. But I soon slept, as then I always slept, a sleep placid as an infant's. Almost the next instant, it seemed to me, but in reality not till after nearly four hours' repose, I was aroused by a summons to accompany one of the police to the court house. It was about ten o'clock, the morning sunshiny but cool, several prisoners waiting in custody outside the building, and some five or six magistrates on the bench within. After a glance within, I began to observe the prisoners waiting. They were all evidently convicts, who had been assigned to private masters, and worked on farms. It was easy to read in the countenances of all alike that they felt they were already sentenced. I turned indignant from the contemplation, and moved again into the interior of the building.

A trial—or what was held to be a trial—was going on of a convict-servant of one of the justices then sitting on the bench. The charge was disobedience of orders, *and* refusing to work. The master still keeping his seat on the bench, gave his evidence. It was to the effect that on a certain day, which he named *numerically*, not by its name in the week, though it was within the week current, the prisoner had been ordered to take a pack ox and carry rations to the men at a certain station. He had not said he would not at the time of receiving the order, but on the overseer going down to his hut in the afternoon, the prisoner was found not to be gone; and on being spoken to, said he did not mean to go. This the master called two crimes. Prisoner *had not gone;* and he had *said* he would not go;—disobedience of orders, *and* refusing to work:—furthermore he "thought a *couple of fifties* would do him a deal of good." I could see more than one of the constables turn away to hide a smile of derision. The court called on the man for his defence. He was an uneducated man, but shrewd enough naturally. He said he had never scrupled to obey orders in all points till he found it becoming a regular practice to make him do his week's work right on to Saturday night, and then on the Sunday start him off ten miles and back, with rations to another station. He thought he could not be compelled to work on the Sunday. That was all he had done. He did not see that his master could call the one and same thing by two different names, and so get him two fifties. He had been in the colony about six years, and had never been let go to hear a parson preach all that time; but so far as he recollected what they used to preach in England, they always said we wasn't to work on Sundays; and when he was lagged" the Judge told him that if he had minded his church better, and minded what the clergyman said, he would not have been there in that dock. Before this pleading was finished, I could see a movement of general uneasiness throughout the bench. The master got up and went from one to another of his brother magistrates conversing in whispers. The poor fellow himself saw that his pleading had been too good, and not only knocked the case all to pieces, but placed his prosecutor in a most contemptible position; and he began to apologize. Suddenly the Police Magistrate, who occupied the central seat, interrupted him. "That Bench," he said, "might not like to punish any man for obeying his conscience. But it was clear—perfectly clear to the court, that the prisoner was a most insubordinate and mutinous character. They thought proper to order him one hundred lashes for mutinous conduct." Up he picked his hat, and away he went with a grin of mingled hardihood, fury and scorn on his face, and in his eyes the anguish of an intolerable shame, at being tied up and whipped like a dog.

Another case was called on. A poor, dirty wretch went forward and took his place at the bar. A settler stood forward, and stating that this was his assigned convict-servant, complained that he could not get him to work. The prisoner responded, that his master never gave the rations fixed on for convicts by the laws. He was willing to do his own part, if the master would do his. He thought the eating was to come first, and the working to follow. Opening a dirty handkerchief, he handed a sample of the wheat his master served out. (I had already seen it outside. At least every other grain was a mere shell, the inside eat clean away by weevils: and there were almost as many live and dead weevils in it as grains of wheat unconsumed. There was barely a week's ration for the weevils themselves.) When he had ground it, he said, in the shell-hand mill used on the farm, it would not yield above five pounds of flour, and that was with the crushed weevils, and eat very bad. It made him sick to eat it. But if he washed it to get rid of the weevils, he lost so much of the light, injured grain also, as not to have above enough left to make three pounds of flour—whereas the Government regulations said that the peck of wheat was allowed as an equivalent for ten pounds of flour. Sentence—"Twenty-five lashes—and of course Mr. ——— would not issue the bad wheat any longer than he could help." From the master, a bow and a smile of self-complacency, and a false promise, such as no man could mistake; whilst the prisoner, who was one of the weak hearted sort, staggered out, the muscles of his neck and mouth twitching, and his eye-balls starting foward from their sockets in horrid apprehension of the scalding touch of the cats. They say that the sensation of this punishment, is like that of having a stream of molten lead poured along the flesh during the time it continues, up to the period when numbness of the surface begins, along with faintness of the action of the heart—premonitory of the total subsidence of the vital energy, and death. If the number of lashes ordered is very great, and the intent is not to kill, but merely torture to the utmost, the wretch is taken down at this stage of the operations, and the remainder administered on the sensitive new flesh at a future opportunity. The generic effect as described by convicts, is the destruction of the last atom of self-respect; the production of the most cowardly fear in the timid, and in the bold an intense desire for revenge.

Another case. A free emigrant, a farming man, was arraigned for "breach of contract;" such is the pompous and ridiculous phrase of the Colonial Statute, made use of for no other purpose than to make a small wrong in fact seem as large as possible by words. He had been ordered to do some chore on the farm; and said, with an oath, that he would not; and having so said, he kept his word. Case proved. Sentence—six months imprisonment, and forfeiture of wages (four months) already earned.

Before this case was fully disposed of, a man in the dress of a convict-servant walked into the court, took off his hat and bowing, handed a sealed note up to the Bench. The Police Magistrate passed it along to the rest of the bench, and there was a general titter. When the free man's case was disposed of, the Police Magistrate called the bearer of the sealed letter forward.

"Do you know the contents of this, my man?" he said, holding it up.

"No, your worship," was the reply, the man all the time quite easy and unsuspicious, "master told me I would have to wait and bring something back."

* Transported.

"Well, your master informs the court (the master was one of the justices of that court, though not present that day,) "that you came into town here on Saturday evening last, and got intoxicated—and when you got home was very saucy to your overseer. Is that so?"

The man stammered out an acknowledgment of the offence. Sentence—twenty-five lashes.

"Now, my man, take better care of yourself for the future."

So they went on for about two hours.

Eventually all other cases disposed of, the Chief of Police proceeded to propound his opinions about myself.

The Police Magistrate looked fixedly at me as he did so, and then said, civilly enough,

"What are you?"

"A free emigrant."

"By what ship did you arrive?"

I named it. He called for the file of Sydney papers, and inquired,

"Your name?"

I gave it. Some conversation took place among the magistrates. At length he said,

"We are satisfied, sir. Are you out of employment?"

I replied that I was. Another magistrate addressed me,

"I want a tutor for my children—will you take the situation?"

"Yes!"

"My constable will show you over to my farm. ———, take this gentleman to ———."

It was but a short distance. Nevertheless, during that short journey I heard a tale which set me thinking, and slowly but surely changed the whole tenor of my thoughts and the very courses of my being. Some may feel inclined to look lightly on it when I premise that it was a ghost story. But even such, perceiving its natural operation, will recognize the fitness of its introduction as part of the general history of the psychological development here attempted to be delineated. I may add, also, that Mr. Montgomery Martin, confessedly the best author on British colonial affairs at large, has considered it of sufficient importance to be registered in the volume which he devotes to Australia. The facts, moreover, at full length, stand declared on the oaths of the parties, in the records of the Supreme Court held at Sydney.

The old constable told me that some little time previously, in that neighborhood, the owner of a certain farm had been murdered; and that, through a very remarkable circumstance, the crime had been brought home to his overseer, who was convicted thereof, confessed it, and was executed. The owner of this farm, it appeared, was a single man, of middle age. He suddenly disappeared. To the inquiries of the neighbors, the overseer replied that his master was gone to Van Dieman's Land about a large property there bequeathed him by a relative; and as he was known to be a man of somewhat peculiar character, the abrupt departure was no further thought of. The overseer's account was fully credited. Some weeks subsequently, as one of the neighbors was returning home from market, riding leisurely along on his ox-dray, as he passed the stile which led over into the absent man's field, and onward to his house, he saw him sitting on the stile, *with his back toward him.* Stopping his dray, he got off it to go and have some talk with the returned man. His eyes in so doing were necessarily turned for an instant away. When he cast them again in that direction, which was the very next instant, the figure had disappeared. He hurried across to the stile, thinking to find him in the field beyond. But not a trace of the figure could he again get a sight of. All this was in broad daylight; if I recollect aright, just about sundown. Very much astonished, and in some degree terrified, he told of his adventure immediately. As the matter was talked over, some began to express a suspicion that a murder had taken place; and finally the police resolved to bestow some investigation on the matter. One of the aborigines, a forest tracker, was brought to the stile, and told the facts and the suspicion held on them. He first examined the stile. Immediately he discerned and drew out from under a splinter of the top bar a little lot of human hairs. Attentively inspecting them he said—"I believe *that* hair belongs to so and so." (the murdered man.) Next he started and following some track incognizable by civilized man, he reached a pond, went into it, and skimming off an oily film from the surface, said—"This, white man's fat. White man here, I believe." The pond was searched, the body found, the crime proved and confessed. And part of the confession of the murderer was that he had dragged the body over the stile, under his first plan of disposing of it, but had altered his mind, brought it back along the track taken by the Indian, and sunk it in the pond.

Now there seemed to me something very striking in the circumstance of the back of the figure and not the face being presented. If the vision was a mere product of the man's imagination, surely the face, the countenance, the man himself was the image to be expected. But if it was a real spectre, whether under the ordinary theory of matter and mind, or under the Berkleian hypothesis, how singularly appropriate the presentation, not of the face, but of the back. Had the face been presented, conversation would of course have been insisted on by the traveller; the event must have taken a still further form; and more would have been done than was necessary to effect the end. As it was, just so much, and *only so much*, deviation from the ordinary course of nature took place as was necessary to raise wonder, alarm, discussion, and successful scrutiny.

It is probable that this story would not have so strongly struck me if it had come alone. But a short time previously there took place a somewhat similar event in England, which had already awakened my curiosity on the general subject and opened a page in my mind for the registration of whatsoever belonged to that particular subject in the regular association of ideas. I will narrate the leading particulars of that event also. As no inconsiderable excuse for doing so I may state that these circumstances also stand on the records of the Court of Assize, where the murderer was tried and convicted, on the sworn affidavits of the murdered girl's father and mother, and of the clergyman of the parish. I shall be forgiven for adding still further, that both naturally and by education, I was always till these cases came before me, usually averse to the notion of the reappearance of the dead, and of all communications of whatsoever sort from a spirit world. When I was twelve, eighteen, twenty-one, a church-yard or a putatively haunted house, was no more an object of terror to me than any part of the common high-road. I had been taught from my cradle that all such fears were based on a low and unphilosophic superstition. I was always exhorted to be a man of hard facts. So, that from mere boyhood, when in passing through dark woods, or lanes, or the solitary apartments of a very large old house, and one too, where a demented person had committed suicide, if I saw anything that had a ghost-like look, I always went straight up to it, and had never failed to discover its fallaciousness. So that no natural bias of my mind existed in favor of supernatural wonders. My belief, from its very origin, was a necessity of my intellect acting under the guidance of a most rigid canon of the law of evidence applied to bare and undeniable facts. Whatsoever creed such sources furnish, I have ever had to accept. I could never at once know a fact and ignore it. And there is no natural phenomenon that comes before my mind with such an incomprehensible aspect as that of an intellect which can. But to the story:

In a country part of England, there lived a young man of the name of Corder. He was a farmer, and his grounds lay on the edge of a village. In that village resided with her parents a young girl, whose reputation had begun to suffer seriously in the eyes of her companions. On Corder's farm there stood a large, lonely building called The Red Barn. All at once the girl disappeared; and a report spread abroad that she had fled to the last worst refuge in such cases, the haunts of the betrayed in London. After awhile the mother dreamed one night that her daughter "was buried in Corder's Red Barn." The broken-hearted old woman awoke her husband and told him her dream. He bade her hold her tongue and not talk such folly. Again she slept; again the dream; again a sudden awakening, and the narration of the dream to her husband; and again he bade her go to sleep and not disturb him with such nonsense. A third time she slept:—a third time came the terrific vision—and a third time she reported it, and insisted on its supernatural significance. And now her husband felt impressed with the possibility of its being so. In the morning they informed the clergyman of the parish, who caused measures to be immediately adopted for searching the denounced spot. And there, surely enough, at a shallow grave's depth beneath the surface, hidden with an elaborate cunning, by the floor and barn tools, and with no token of the sickening secret apparent to human eye, did they find the poor girl's remains. She had gone to him there, it appeared, alone, dressed in the best of her little village finery, and carrying her little stock of surplus clothing, dreading no danger, but trusting herself to him in the dark and solitary night, leaving home and parents and all behind, in the vain, fond hope of being conveyed to some distant hamlet, some safe shelter from the coming storm of tongues. And there did this unearthly monster, with the arms of affection around his neck, shoot her, and toss the poor quivering victims, and one of them yet full of life, into the ready dug grave, and fill it and stamp down the earth, and remove all signs that could reveal it to man, and go his way, and brand, to save himself, his victim's name with the very last of infamies. Oh, earth! Oh, man!

This case, likewise, I was well aware, stood verified by oaths on the records of a tribunal of life and death; and its facts also, like the facts of the other had remained unshaken in the slightest particular after the utmost assaults by subtle and direct attack that the prisoners' advocates could make upon them. Had there ever been produced as direct and consistent a demonstration of the existence of a volant angelic race of beings in some one of the planets as was produced in these cases of the existence of a supersensible world, there is not a single thinking man of those who habitually think on to conclusions, but would have come to the conclusion that the fact of the existence of such a race was established, if not quite, yet very nearly to the full extent of the logical demand. My reader then will not contemn me if I declare that I now began to have at times a very strong impression of the reality of a supersensible world. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHARITY POEM.—The following verses, by Miss Whittier, were sent to the Boston Charity Fair's Post Office, by her brother, the poet. He says they were written by her, with the exception of two or three lines supplied by himself:—

The pilgrim and stranger, who through the day
Holds over the desert his trackless way,
Where the terrible sands no shade have known,
No sound of life save his camel's moan,
Hears at last through the mercy of Allah to all,
From his tent-door at evening the Bedouins call:

"Whoever thou art whose need is great,
In the name of God, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"

For gifts in his name of food and rest
The tents of Islam of God are blest.
Thou, who hast faith in the Christ above,
Shall the Koran teach thee the Law of Love?—
Oh, Christian!—open thy heart and door,
Cry east and west to the wandering poor:

"Whoever thou art whose need is great,
In the name of Christ, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"

EFFECT OF SUDDEN GRIEF.—Among others whose acquaintance Montaigne made in the bath-room, was the Seigneur d'Andelot, formerly in the service of Charles the Fifth, and governor for him of St. Quentin. One side of his beard and one eyebrow were white; and he related that this change came to him in an instant one day as he was sitting at home, with his head leaning on his hand, in profound grief at the loss of a brother, executed by the Duke of Alba as accomplice of Counts Egmont and Horn. When he looked up, and uncovered the part which he had clutched in his agony, the people present thought that flour had been sprinkled over him.

PARIS DOINGS.

Private dramatic representations continue to be the rage this winter in Paris, as they were last, and rehearsals are held in every quarter of the city: the rehearsals are more amusing, for the actors, than the representations, and are eagerly sought, as they bring about a certain intimate companionship, which, though quite admissable in artists, is not allowed under other circumstances. Before the public one plays the comedy—behind the scenes one plays to the comedians.

A few evenings since, at Madame de R 's, it was proposed to play an unpublished comedy, the production of one of our most successful dramatic authors. The subject was excellent—the rôles all very good—but there was one which no person could consent to take—that of a young man who gives a kiss to a beautiful woman, and receives a kick in return from the husband. Every one wished to give the kiss, but no one would consent to receive the kick—and this kick, being an excellent comic element, made a point in the piece not to be suppressed. The comedy was about to be laid aside, when a young man, lieutenant in the cavalry of the imperial guard, consented to take the rôle, and receive the kick in public, provided it was dispensed with at rehearsal, which was naturally agreed to.

Madame de N. took the rôle of the young wife, receiving the embrace of our lieutenant. M. de N., her husband, acting the part of husband in the play.

At the first rehearsal M. de N. said:

"It is quite understood that the kick is to be omitted in the rehearsals, and it follows naturally that the kiss be also omitted."

"I do not consent!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "this is the only condition on which I submit to the humiliation that I must undergo before the public."

"But consider," continued M. de N.

"Oh, the jealous monster!" exclaimed all the ladies.

"Nonsense—jealous!" cried the wife.

In short M. de N. in vain endeavored to be heard—it was decided the kiss should be given at the rehearsals, and the kick omitted.

The rehearsals lasted over a month. Already our lieutenant had given his thirty-eighth kiss to Madame de N.—he had been present at every rehearsal, and the rehearsal was always preceded by an excellent breakfast. The husband, dissatisfied at the manner with which the kiss had been given and received, promised himself an exciting revenge on the evening of the representation. At last the important day had arrived—the last grand rehearsal had taken place, and the lieutenant had given Madame de N. his thirty-ninth kiss—but a few hours and the comedy would be presented to the public. M. de N. *sharpened* his foot. At six o'clock, as Madame R. was giving a last glance at the arrangements of her theatre and her salons, a servant presented her with a note, which she opened and read as follows:

Madame la Comtesse—I am in despair at what has occurred; but I feel it will be absolutely impossible for me to embrace Madame de N. in public. I had hoped I should be able to overcome my miserable bashfulness—but my timidity triumphs. I renounce new efforts, which would be useless, and take flight. I have exchanged positions with one of my brother officers in Africa, and at the moment you receive this letter I shall be far from Paris. Believe, Madame la Comtesse, in my very profound regrets, and my despair. Present my heart-breaking excuses to Madame de N., and receive the assurances of high regard, &c.

LE VISCOUNT DE T.

The comedy naturally was not played that evening, but replaced by another.

One of the most brilliant balls *costumés* of the season was given recently in the superb salons of Madame de X., faubourg Saint Honoré. Madame de X. has been married but a few years, and the circumstances attending this marriage are singular enough to be worthy of record.

This lady—formerly Mlle. B., an opulent heiress, was about to marry a Portuguese gentleman—the Marquis de F.—presented by her family, for whom she had neither love nor aversion. The day of the wedding Mlle. B. entered the salon in bridal costume, and approached the mirror over the fire-place, to arrange a part of her head dress. Her dress took fire and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. The guests present uttered cries of horror and fear, and many rushed from the room. The Marquis fell fainting into an arm-chair. A young man—M. de X., friend of the future husband, caught the young girl in his arms and succeeded in extinguishing the flames—not, however, without being severely burned himself. The wedding was postponed, but the adventure had its important consequences. Mlle. B. was disgusted with her effeminate *fiancé*, who, in the moment when she most needed his aid and protection, had betrayed unpardonable weakness. M. de X. merited her gratitude and even something more. "He has presence of mind, courage and fortitude," she said; "he has suffered for me—he has saved me—I owe him a recompense—I will marry him." This decision was irrevocable. The Marquis was dismissed, and M. de X. had the happiness of marrying a charming wife, whose least merit is the possession of an immense fortune.—*Translated for the Boston Transcript.*

THEN one unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above,
Nor crackling pile, nor cursing creed
Can burn or blot it: God is Love."
—*O. W. Holmes.*

☞ A certain invalid of our acquaintance, doubly afflicted with a painful complaint and an unmanageable hard-mouthed temper, regularly retains as helper to the sick nurse a stone-deaf old woman, whom he can abuse without violence to her feelings. How much better to have emulated the heavenly patience in sickness of which woman—in spite of Job—has given the brightest examples; woman, who endures the severest trials with a meekness and submission unheard of among men, the Quaker excepted who merely said when his throat was being cut rather roughly—"Friend, thou dost haggle!"—*Thomas Hood.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE ARMY AND MINNESOTA BILL.

DEFEAT OF THE LECOMPTON BILL IN THE HOUSE.

SENATE.

On the 29th, Mr. Fitzpatrick informed the Senators that the Vice President had been compelled to leave the city for the South, and moved that the Senate proceed to elect a President pro tem.

A ballot was taken, forty-one votes being polled; only twenty-two were necessary for a choice.

Mr. Fitzpatrick received	28
Mr. Fessenden, of Maine,	12
Mr. Hamlin, of Maine,	1

Mr. Slidell, of La., and Dixon, of R. I., conducted Mr. Fitzpatrick to the chair. After his taking the oath of office, the Senate proceeded to business.

Numerous memorials and private bills, of an unimportant character, were presented.

The consideration of the Minnesota Bill was then resumed, the question pending being on Mr. Mason's motion to amend the second section, so as to allow the State only one Representative.

Finally, Mr. Mason's amendment of Mr. Douglas's amendment, that Minnesota shall have but one representative in Congress, was negatived—yeas 8, nays 41.

Mr. Wilson's amendment was then put, which gives one representative now, a census to be forthwith taken, and additional representatives be allowed on the basis of the census returns. Carried—yeas 22, nays 21.

The yeas are as follows:—Messrs. Bigge, Broderick, Brown, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Crittenden, Dixon, Doolittle, Douglas, Durkee, Fessenden, Foster, Hale, Harlan, Houston, King, Pugh, Simmons, Wade and Wilson.

On the 30th, Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, submitted a resolution instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire as to the expediency of establishing the National Foundry at Alexandria, Virginia. Adopted.

At 1 o'clock, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, moved that the Senate go into Executive Session, to consider the appointment of a Marshal for the District, instead of taking up the Minnesota Bill. He said it was a shame that the wheels of the Government of the District should be stopped.

The Senate went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 31st, Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, presented the Constitution of Oregon. Also, petitions from the citizens of Dacotah, asking the organization of that Territory.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented the memorial of Amos Kendall and others interested in the Morse Telegraph Lines, asking protection against competing Telegraph Companies. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

The bill to create a fourth Assistant Postmaster General was taken up, but the hour elapsed during the discussion.

The bill to admit Minnesota into the Union was then taken up.

Mr. Polk, of Missouri, moved, in lieu of Mr. Wilson's amendment, which was adopted yesterday, that Minnesota be allowed three representatives unqualifiedly. Lost—yeas 14, nays 24.

Mr. Fitch, of Indiana, moved as an amendment that the three representatives be allowed seats during this session, and thereafter such number as the census shall show.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, moved a further amendment by substituting two instead of three representatives, in Mr. Fitch's amendment.

Mr. Doolittle's amendment to Mr. Fitch's amendment was put and lost—yeas 20, nays 33.

Mr. Fitch's original amendment was then put and lost—yeas 14, nays 36.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, moved that Minnesota be entitled to two representatives until the next apportionment of representation among the various States. Lost—yeas 23, nays 26.

The question then recurred on Mr. Douglas's motion on Monday last, to strike out the whole section. The yeas and nays being asked thereon, Mr. Douglas withdrew the amendment.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, moved to reconsider, which motion being carried by five majority, the question recurred on Mr. Iverson's amendment. It was again lost.

Mr. Yulee, of Florida, said he had several amendments to offer, but moved to postpone the further consideration of the bill till the next day. Adjourned.

On the 1st, a resolution giving Lieut. Wm. R Jeffers, Jr., of the Navy, permission to receive a sword of honor from the Queen of Spain, was passed.

After various ineffectual attempts to vote down Mr. Iverson's motion to take up the Army Bill instead of the Minnesota Bill, the former was taken up, and numerous verbal amendments were made, not altering the principle of the bill.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, was in favor of the regiments. He said that in twenty-five days men of any aptitude would learn the manual, and in six months be as efficient as if they had served for five years.

Mr. Hunter's motion for two regiments, instead of four, was put and carried—yeas 28, nays 14.

After considerable discussion, the bill, as amended, was carried—yeas 41, nays 13.

The nays were as follows: Messrs. Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Dixon, Doolittle, Durkee, Fessenden, Foster, Hale, Hamlin, King, Trumbull, and Wade.

The absentees were Messrs. Bates, Clay, Davis, Fort, Reed, Simmons, Sumner and Toombs.

The Kansas Bill with the House amendment was then read.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, moved that the amendment be disagreed to. Then adjourned.

On the 2d, after some unimportant business, the Kansas bill, as amended by the House, was taken up.

Two amendments were read, when Mr. Green, of Missouri, without further explanation, said he would submit his motion to disagree, to the direct vote of the Senate.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, took the floor. He said he considered the amendment of the House as a clear violation of the Democratic principle that Congress should not interfere with the right of the people of the territories to govern themselves. Under that principle he had hoped to see the fraternal sight of two States—one slave and the other free—coming into the Union together. He was against the amendment, because it sets aside what the people of Kansas have already done. The amendment provides that if the present constitution be voted down, the people of Kansas shall call a convention to frame a new one, on which the President is to declare its admission by proclamation. Thus it becomes a law without coming before Congress at all. What a guarantee against abuse? Who knows if it will be republican in form, or may not contain features inadmissible? There are many insidious features about this measure, which may please the public eye. He trusted that we are near the close of this Kansas turmoil. He saw in it an element of growing mischief. The agitation of slavery is spreading like the upas tree, poisoning all the channels of intercourse between the great parties of the Union. He hoped the slavery feud may be set at rest by Kansas coming into the Union under the Senate bill.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, said he had hoped, with the Senator from Pennsylvania, that this question would have been settled in accordance with those Democratic principles which had been the rule of his (Mr. Douglas's) life. He thought that if the amendments were concurred in by the Senate, it would be the triumph of these principles, and would bring peace and quiet. The Senators on the other side urge as a reason for the admission of Kansas that it may bring peace. Why not then admit her?—it can be done in an hour by assenting to the amendments. Concur with the House, and the action is final. Kansas is then admitted, with the right to make a Constitution to suit herself. Let the men of all parties and sections unite in settling the contention.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, explained the reasons which would influence him to vote against the House amendments. His instructions from Ohio did not cover the present juncture, hence he would exercise the right of his private judgment. He addressed himself to various legal points, showing the inapplicability of the provisions of the amendment to the circumstances of the case. The amendment submitted the Constitution to a more contracted circle of voters than have already voted on the slavery clause. It is, however, futile to submit it to a vote, the free State people having a majority. The slavery clause cannot be approved, and hence the Constitution would be voted down, and the excitement be protracted by the framing of a new one. They must inevitably vote the Lecompton Constitution down. They could do nothing else. Even if the commandments were appended to it, they must inevitably vote them down. He concluded by showing that if Congress assent to the amendments, they discharge themselves from all power over the Constitution to be framed. The passage of the amended bill would precipitate the people of Kansas into a new condition of anarchy. He was opposed to it in every shape and form, and considered it the most objectionable proposition yet submitted.

No other Senator wishing to speak, Mr. Green's motion was put to a vote, and was agreed to—yeas 32, nays 23—consequently the House amendments were disagreed to.

The vote was as follows:—

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, R. I., Bayard, Del., Benjamin, La., Briggs, N. C., Bigler, Pa., Bright, Ind., Brown, Miss., Clay, Ala., Evans, S. C., Fitch, Ind., Fitzpatrick, Ala., Green, Mo., Gwin, Cal., Hammond, S. C., Houston, Texas, Hunter, Va., Iverson, Ga., Jones, Iowa, Johnson, Ark., Johnson, Tenn., Kennedy, Md., Mallory, Fla., Mason, Va., Pearce, Md., Polk, Mo., Pugh, Ohio, Sebastian, Ark., Slidell, La., Thompson, Ky., Thompson, N. J., Wright, N. J., Yulee, Fla.—32.

Nays—Messrs. Bell, Tenn., Broderick, Cal., Cameron, Pa., Chandler, Mich., Clark, N. H., Collamer, Vt., Crittenden, Ky., Dixon, Conn., Doolittle, Wis., Douglas, Ill., Fessenden, Me., Foot, Vt., Foster, Conn., Hale, N. H., Hamlin, Me., Harlan, Iowa, King, N. Y., Seward, N. Y., Simmons, R. I., Stuart, Mich., Trumbull, Ill., Wade, Ohio, Wilson, Mass.—23.

Absentees—Messrs. Bates, Del., Davis, Miss., Durkee, Wis., Henderson, Texas, Reid, N. C., Sumner, Mass., and Toombs, Ga.

[The Senate was crowded during the discussion on the amended bill. There was not much excitement on the announcement of the vote.]

Mr. Douglas made several attempts to get up the Minnesota Bill, but it was prevented by calls of yeas and nays, and other well-known tactics, and the Senate adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 27th, the House proceeded to the consideration of the report from the committee on the Matteson case, which concludes with a resolution that it is inexpedient to take further action in regard to the resolution for his expulsion.

After considerable discussion, Mr. Ritchie, of Pennsylvania, moved to lay the whole subject on the table. Agreed to—yeas 96, nays 69.

Mr. Shaw, of Illinois, alluded to the remark made by Mr. Smith, of Virginia, yesterday, that the successor of Colonel Richardson had informed him, that the Democratic members from Illinois had held a conference, and concluded that the only course left for Mr. Douglas to be re-elected to the Senate, was to oppose the Lecompton Constitution, Mr. Shaw wished to say that no such conference had been held to his knowledge; certainly he had not participated in such meeting.

Mr. Smith, of Illinois, endorsed the statement of Mr. Shaw.

Mr. Morris, of Illinois, was confident that no such conference had been held or contemplated by the Democratic members of his delegation. He never had any intimation from Mr. Douglas that he (Douglas) was influenced by any such motive, nor did he believe it. The fact was he had said that he looked on the Lecompton movement as a great wrong and violation of the principles of self-government; and that neither Mr. Douglas nor his friends would, or ought to be sustained by Illinois, if they gave it their support. If Mr. Smith understood more than this, he was wholly misapprehended.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, reiterated that, in a conversation with Mr. Morris, the latter stated distinctly and explicitly, that the Illinois delegation had held a conference and decided on a course that Douglas should have to pursue in order to secure his re-election to the Senate. If he was correctly informed, Mr. Morris had related this to others. That gentleman also informed him that the delegates from Illinois in the Cincinnati Convention had recommended various appointments to the President, but that these recommendations were disregarded, and that this was one of the grievances on the part of the delegation. One gentleman from Illinois, (Mr. Morris) had a similar conversation with the gentleman from Kentucky, (Mr. Barnett.)

Mr. Barnett, of Kentucky, remarked that he did not feel at liberty to repeat the conversation between Mr. Morris and himself, without that gentleman's consent.

Mr. Morris inquired where the conversation took place.

Mr. Smith replied that it did not matter where, so that the main fact was stated.

Mr. Morris said the conversation between Mr. Smith and himself was in December last, in the presence of his (Mr. Morris's) family, when he spoke as to whether some plan might not be devised by which the Kansas question could be settled without serious conflict or a division in the Democratic party, and had also stated that neither Mr. Douglas, nor any other man who favored the Lecompton Constitution, could be elected to the Senate. He recollected further stating that, on his arrival in Washington, ascertaining that Mr. Douglas would take a position against the Lecompton Constitution, he engaged in conversation with Colonel Richardson and Mr. Douglas, when he informed the latter that if he had made up his mind to oppose the Lecompton Constitution, he should avail himself of the earliest opportunity to deliver his views, for if he put off his speech to the 21st of December, when the vote was to be taken on the Kansas Bill, his motives would be impugned, and his enemies would take advantage of it. None of the Illinois delegation, but himself, took part in the conversation. As a warm and personal political friend of Mr. Douglas, what motive could he (Mr. Morris) have for making a statement to his detriment. He doubtless said that the delegation to Congress, not the delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, complained that Illinois had not been well provided for in the distribution of offices. He had been greatly misapprehended.

Mr. Barnett said he did not pretend to give the precise words of the conversation with Mr. Morris, but he understood him (Morris) to state distinctly that the Democratic members from Illinois held a conference, and determined that Mr. Douglas should pursue his present course on the Kansas question; that this was the only means by which Mr. Douglas could sustain himself at home, and that unless he opposed the Lecompton Constitution, defeat would not only be inevitable to Mr. Douglas, but to his friends. In that conversation Mr. Morris also spoke as to whether means could be devised by which the Democrats could act harmoniously, and said that Mr Douglas did not intend to be crushed out by the Administration.

Mr. Marshall, of Illinois, repeated, by authority, that no such conference as that alluded to had been held. The statement was wholly untrue.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, said it was true. The conversation was held by him with Mr. Morris in the presence of his family, but he went there at Mr. Morris's request, to consult about an old soldier's claim, and the other subject came up after this was disposed of. Having no political secret himself, he held it to be his duty to the country to trace out, by any proper and legitimate means, the secret and private purposes of men who attribute other reasons for their conduct.

Mr. Wright, of Georgia, said that if the conversation were not terminated, it must, of necessity, run into personalities. There seemed to be a tendency to widen the breach.

Mr. Harris said that Mr. Smith had announced his settled determination to retail private conversations, when he thought public interest required it.

Mr. Smith explained that he did not say he would use private and confidential conversations for public uses, but without the infraction of confidence, he would feel at liberty to refer to them, for he could see no difference between public men and public subjects. If there were traitors, could be not expose the treason.

Mr. Morris was glad that Mr. Smith watched the interest of the country so vigorously, and will defend every avenue of liberty to the last. What gentleman would desire that every private conversation with his fellow members or friends should be publicly exposed? The conversation between him and Mr. Smith occurred in private, but had been retailed in a speech of the gentleman from Virginia.

Mr. Wright saw no necessity for any personal feeling. All the difficulty came from the use of the word "conference."

Mr. Lane, delegate from Oregon territory, after speaking in support of the admission of that Territory as a State into the Union, branched off on the Kansas question, and advocated the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Hall, of Massachusetts, opposed the Lecompton Constitution, and in the course of his remarks, defended the deeds and memory of the Pilgrim Fathers.

On the 29th, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, made an ineffectual effort to introduce a resolution, providing for the appointment of a Select Committee, to report the best mode of taking the census of 1860.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Deficiency Bill; and after a number of speeches on Kansas, adjourned.

On the 30th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Deficiency Bill.

The chairman (Mr. Bocock) stated that twenty-eight gentlemen desire to express their views on the Kansas Bill. As only two days will elapse before the bill will be taken up, he thought it proper to state the fact, in order that members can govern themselves accordingly.

Mr. Leidy, of Pennsylvania, made a speech in favor of the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Winter Davis, of Maryland, argued that there should be an enabling act allowed, and that no legal authority was in the Territorial Legislature of Kansas to authorize the formation of a State Government.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, advocated the Lecompton Constitution. He regarded the agitation of slavery as the foundation of all this difficulty. In the course of his remarks he denied that his father was the author of the Missouri Compromise.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, in reply to a remark made by Mr. Clay, in condemnation of the cause of Northern men, read an extract from Henry Clay's speech in 1820 against the extension of slavery.

Mr. Clay did not doubt that Mr. Campbell had correctly quoted from the speech, but he would tell him that his father, believing the Missouri Compromise was no longer operative, gave us something better, which was the doctrine of non-intervention by Congress in the affairs of a Territory, leaving the people to form their own institutions.

Mr. Campbell replied that he learned in his boyhood his first lessons from Henry Clay, and acting upon the principle announced by that distinguished statesman, that slavery ought not to be extended to a free Territory, he opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

Mr. Clay regretted that Mr. Campbell had used his father's name.

Mr. Campbell replied that he did it with respect.

Mr. Clay thanked the gentleman. He said that ever since he had arrived at manhood, attempts had been made to put him down in his father's name. The effort had failed in Kentucky, and he hoped to sustain himself in his present position everywhere.

Mr. Campbell disavowed any disposition to put the gentleman down. He only wished to show that he concurred in the father's and not in the son's views.

Mr. Clay replied very well.

Mr. Harlan, of Ohio, spoke against the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, opposed the Kansas Bill. He said no improper motives should be attributed to him, for he was a Southern man by birth and a large slaveholder, and in favor of the extension of slavery. He maintained that the Legislature of Kansas had no power to subvert the Territorial government; and that the people are overwhelmingly opposed to the Lecompton Constitution. Admit Kansas under it, and deeper will be the public commotion than heretofore known. It would not be confined to Kansas, but would extend throughout the West and North, until every hamlet and city will be instinct with excitement. Do justice to Kansas, let the people regulate their institutions in their own way, and peace will prevail.

On the 31st, the House, in Committee of the Whole, resumed the debate on Kansas, while, as usual, the Deficiency Appropriation Bill was under consideration.

Mr. Stevenson, of Kentucky, argued in favor of the immediate admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina, argued in favor of admitting Kansas into the Union without the Lecompton Constitution, leaving the people to fairly settle the question at issue. Such action he maintained, would be satisfactory to them and the country, and no principle would thereby be compromised.

Mr. Miles, of South Carolina, advocated the Lecompton Constitution, maintaining that it was national. The South had cause to feel sensitive, he said, as the question involved the issue whether more slave States were ever to be admitted into the Union.

Mr. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, said he trampled the threat of disunion scornfully and defiantly under foot. He would strike hands with the fire-eaters of the South to exterminate the dough-faces who misrepresent the views of the North. He was prepared to vote for Mr. Crittenden's amendment of the Kansas Bill. He said the Douglas Democrats, Republicans, and South Americans all unite on this for different reasons but without preconcert, which shows the honesty of their convictions.

Mr. Parrott, claiming to represent the entire people of Kansas, said that without the enjoyment of the rights to which they were entitled, they had no means to redress their wrongs. They were the victims of merciless warfare and persecution, and after the despotisms imposed by foreign invasion, and maintained by the persistent arm of Government, the civil strife had at last culminated in the Lecompton Constitution, which was designed to prolong and make permanent the vassalage of the people. The Convention was fraudulently constituted and the pretended submission of the Constitution a cheat.

Mr. Trippe, of Georgia, said he would vote for the bill, trusting that its passage would secure peace to Kansas. With all due respect, he was of the opinion that the amendments of Senators Pugh and Green were contemptible pieces of trickery. No Congressional declaration could initiate that clause providing against the amendment of the Constitution till 1864. It would be high-handed insolence, an attempt at Federal interference and usurpation.

Mr. Hatch, of New York, said the only way for certain gentlemen to prevent being read out of the Democratic party, was to stay in the party. While their modest pretensions claim all conscientiousness and patriotism, he hoped they would not be offended by his remark, that when they went out of the party, they did not take out all the virtue and patriotism of the Democratic party of the Union with them. When these gentlemen form new political associations, we have the right to say to them, take down the Democratic flag! He advocated the Lecompton Constitution, maintaining that it can be amended at any time. All the power being inherent in the people, Kansas can never become a slave State.

A controversy here took place between Marshall, of Illinois, and Hughes, of Indiana, respecting reading men out of the party.

On the 1st, at one o'clock, Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, moved to take up the Senate Kansas Bill.

The bill was read, and Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, objected to a second reading. Under the rule, the question recurred, "Shall the bill be rejected."

The vote was taken, and stood, yeas 96, nays 137. The Republicans voted in the affirmative, with Harris, of Illinois, and Hickman, of Pennsylvania, (Anti-Lecompton Democrats.)

The bill was then read a second time.

Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, then offered the Crittenden substitute as amended by the Anti-Lecompton Democratic Conference.

Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, offered a substitute, which is the same as the Senate Bill, with the omission of the declaratory clause, that the people have the right at all times to alter or amend their Constitution, in such manner as they may think proper, etc.

The question being taken on Mr. Quitman's substitute, it was negatived—yeas 72, nays 160.

The question then recurred on Mr. Montgomery's substitute, and it was adopted—yeas 120, nays 112, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Abbott, Adrian, Andrews, Bennett, Billinghurst, Bingham, Blair, Bliss, Breyton, Buffington, Burlingame, Burroughs, Campbell, Case, Chaffee, Chapman, Clark of Connecticut, Clark of New York, Clawson, Clark B. Cochrane, Cockerell, Colfax, Comins, Covode, Cox, Cragin, Curtis, Damrell, Davis of Maryland, Davis of Indiana, Davis of Massachusetts, Davis of Iowa, Dawes, Dean, Dick, Dodd, Durfee, Edie, English, Farnsworth, Fenton, Foley, Foster, Giddings, Gilman, Gilmer, Gooch, Goodwin, Granger, Groesbeck, Grow, Hall of Ohio, Hall of Massachusetts, Harlan, Harris of Maryland, Harris of Illinois, Haskin, Hickman, Heard, Horton, Howard, Owen Jones, Kellogg, Kelsey, Kilgore, Knapp, Kunkel of Pennsylvania, Lawrence, Leach, Leiter, Lovejoy, McKibben, Marshall of Kentucky, Marshall of Illinois, Matteson, Montgomery, Morgan, Morrill, Morris of Pennsylvania, Morris of Illinois, Morse of Maine, Morse of New York, Mott, Murray, Nichols, Olin, Palmer, Parker, Pendleton, Pettit, Pike, Potter, Pottle, Purviance, Ricaud, Ritchie, Robbins, Roberts, Royce, Shaw of Illinois, Sherman of Ohio, Sherman of New York, Smith of Illinois, Spinner, Stanton, Stewart of Pennsylvania, Tappan, Thayer, Thompson, Tompkins, Underwood, Wade, Walbridge, Waldron, Walton, Washburne of Wisconsin, Washburne of Maine, Washburne of Illinois, Wilson, Wood.

Nays—Messrs. Ahl, Anderson, Arnold, Atkins, Avery, Barksdale, Bishop, Bocock, Bonham, Bowie, Boyce, Branch, Bryan, Burnett, Burns, Caskie, Clark of Missouri, Clay, Clemens, Clingman, Cobb, John Cochrane, Corning, Craig of Missouri, Craige of North Carolina, Crawford, Curry, Davidson, Davis of Mississippi, Dewart, Dimmick, Dowdall, Edmunson, Elliott, Eustis, Faulkner, Florence, Garnett, Gartrell, Gillis, Goode, Greenwood, Gregg, Hatch, Hawkins, Hill, Hopkins, Houston, Hughes, Huyler, Jackson, Jenkins, Jewett, Jones of Tennessee, J. Glancy Jones, Keitt, Kelly, Kunkel of Maryland, Lamar, Landy, Leidy, Letcher, Maclay, McQueen, Mason, Maynard, Miles, Miller, Millson, Moore, Niblack, Peyton, Phillips, Powell, Quitman, Ready, Reagan, Reilly, Ruffin, Russell, Sandidge, Savage, Scales, Scott, Searing, Seward, Shaw of North Carolina, Shorter, Sickles, Singleton, Smith of Tennessee, Smith of Virginia, Stallworth, Stephens, Stevenson, Stewart of Maryland, Talbot, Taylor of New York, Taylor of Louisiana, Trippe, Ward, Warren, Watkins, White, Whiteley, Winslow, Woodson, Wortendyke, Wright of Georgia, Wright of Tennessee, Zollicoffer.

The announcement was greeted with much applause from those in the gentlemen's gallery.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, moved that the gallery be cleared, and insisted upon the enforcement of the rule. [Much confusion ensued among the spectators.]

The Speaker reminded those who applauded that they were not in the gallery of a theatre, and said that if the indecorum were repeated the galleries should be cleared.

A voice from the members—Except the ladies. Another member—Certainly.

The House then proceeded to vote on the Senate Bill, as amended by Mr. Montgomery's substitute, which was carried, yeas 120, nays 112—being exactly the same as the vote on the adoption of Mr. Montgomery's substitute.

The usual clinching motion was then made—to reconsider, and lay that motion on the table—and was carried. The House then adjourned.

The bill, as thus amended, contains the following provisions:

That the State of Kansas be, and is hereby admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever; but inasmuch as it is greatly disputed whether the Constitution formed at Lecompton, and now pending before Congress, was fairly made, or expresses the will of the people of Kansas, this admission of her into the Union as a State is here declared to be upon this fundamental condition precedent, namely, that the said constitutional instrument shall be first submitted to a vote of the people of Kansas, and assented to by them, or a majority of the voters at an election to be held for the purpose; and as soon as such assent shall be given and duly made known to the President of the United States, he shall announce the same by proclamation; and thereafter, and without any further proceedings on the part of Congress, the admission of the said State of Kansas into the Union upon an equal footing with the original States, in all respects whatever, shall be complete and absolute. At the said election the voting shall be by ballot, and by endorsing on his ballot, as each voter may please, "for the constitution," or "against the constitution."—Should the said constitution be rejected at the said election by a majority of votes being cast against it, then, and in that event, the inhabitants of said territory are hereby authorized and empowered to form for themselves a Constitution and State Government by the name of the State of Kansas, preparatory to its admission into the Union, according to the Federal Constitution, and to that end may elect delegates to a convention as hereinafter provided.

Another section constitutes the Governor and Secretary, President of Council and Speaker of the House a Board of Commissioners to see the elections fairly carried out, and empowered to prescribe the time, manner and places of election; after the Constitution is framed by the Convention, it shall be submitted to the people for adoption or rejection; and that so soon as the result of said election is made known to the President of the United States, he shall issue a proclamation declaring Kansas one of the States of the Union, without any further legislation on the part of Congress; all white male inhabitants of said Territory, over the age of twenty-one years, who are legal voters under the laws of the Territory of Kansas, and none others, shall be allowed to vote, and this shall be the only qualification required to entitle the citizen to the right of suffrage in said elections.

On the 2d, the House resumed the consideration of the Deficiency Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, while opposing the various items of appropriation, particularly for the army, said incidentally that there was no evidence of a rebellion in Utah. He would prefer to send the civil officers thither, and if the officers would not co-operate in the administration of the territory, he would repeal the organic law and give Brigham Young and company fair notice to quit our soil.

Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, said that it would be better to give out the Mormon war by contract, and he would not be surprised if this, by the future historians, was called the war of plunderers and contractors. He would not vote to put money into the pockets of these harpies and jobbers, who get fat jobs on account of their political opinions. He censured the extravagant contracts that had been made.

Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia, in reply said, among other things, that there has been a proposition to furnish corn at 98 cents per bushel, but it was rejected, and directions issued to make purchases at the lowest prices.

The question of extravagance in procuring quarter-masters' supplies, was also discussed.

Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, defended the expedition to Utah, which he said was despatched with no expectation of a war with the Mormons. Patriotism demanded that the supplies should be voted for the maintenance of the army. He also defended the estimates of the war department.

Adjourned till Monday.

BURNING OF A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.—*Fifteen to Twenty Lives Lost—St. Louis, April 2.*—The steamer Sultan was burned to the water's edge, and sunk near St. Genevieve at three o'clock, this morning.

From fifteen to twenty persons were drowned. Among the lost are D. D. Moore, clerk; Henry Eli, pilot; Joseph Blackburn, watchman, and the whole of the cabin crew.

The barkeeper (name unknown), and two ladies and two gentlemen, who were passengers, are missing, and, it is supposed, they were also drowned.

The Sultan was built in 1854. She was bound to New Orleans, with a full cargo, which, with the boat, is a total loss. The boat was valued at $25,000, and insured for $17,000.

Her cargo consisted of 3,000 tons flour, pork, lead and meat. There was no insurance on the freight list.

The accounts of the disaster are so conflicting, that it is impossible to ascertain at present, who, or how many were lost.

A DOCTOR IN TROUBLE.—An interesting case came off last week before the Recorder's Court in this city. It seems Dr. J. B. Chapman became enamored last fall with a beautiful and accomplished young lady by the name of Miss Little. It seems her charms were so prepossessing as to cause the doctor to importune her greatly to join him in the holy bonds of wedlock. The doctor being old, (near sixty,) and she young and beautiful, she required him to advance her a bonus on the promise of marriage. To this the doctor readily consented, and made over to her, according to his account, about $9,000 worth of property. Since she came in possession of the property she declined marrying him, and he brings his suit to recover the property, alleging that it was obtained through fraudulent pretences. She pleads, we learn, that the doctor is a married man, and therefore she would not marry him, and that she did not learn this until after the courtship. The suit went against the doctor.—*Kansas Herald.*

SINGULAR SUIT.—A short time ago, says an exchange, an old man named S., died in Crawford county, Ohio, leaving a wife and children. By his will his estate was divided equally between the children. The division displeased the eldest son, who refused to take his share of the estate, asserting that he was not the son of the deceased S., nor of the widow. He claims that at the age of seven he was adopted by the deceased in Pennsylvania, and has lived with him ever since. The widow protests that he is her son, and several other women in the neighborhood, who came from the same place in Pennsylvania, testify to being present on the occasion of his birth. At first the heirs were willing to believe him, as it would lessen the number of heirs. The young man one day presented a bill of services from the age of thirteen, the amount of which would swallow up the whole estate. They then were perfectly willing to acknowledge him as a brother. A suit on the claim has been commenced.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DUTCH WEST INDIES.—The last arrival from Jamaica brought a draft of the provisional law for the abolition of slavery in the Dutch West Indies, liberating 50,000 negro slaves in Surinam. The Kingston Journal heartily approves of its provisions, regarding them as designed to avoid the social, commercial and political difficulties in which the British West Indian colonies became involved by the general emancipation some years ago. Indemnity is made to the slave owners, in proportion to the ages of the slaves. All children under five years to be unconditionally free. The emancipated are not to become the unrestricted owners of their own time and labor. They are subject to certain orders, which they may release themselves from by repaying to the government the amount of their freedom money. All are compelled to contribute to a fund for education, nursing the sick, and the relief of the poor and aged.

A FATAL HOAX.—A Sheffield (England) paper contains the following:—"A singular circumstance happened at our union last week. For some misconduct, the master had put a boy, for punishment, into the dead house. At that time there was a corpse in the 'dead ward,' in a coffin. The boy took the corpse out of the coffin, dressed it in his own clothes, propped it up against the wall, and then got into the coffin, lay down, and covered himself over. In the course of a short time, the master came, looked in at the door, and saw, as he thought, a sulky lad standing against the wall. 'Now,' said the master, 'do you want any supper?' There was no answer. The question was repeated, with the same result. The boy looked out from the coffin and said, 'If he won't have any, I will.' The master fled in terror, and received such a shock that it is said he has since died from the effects."

SINGULAR LIFE PRESERVER.—A religious gentleman informs us that a shilling Testament, purchased in New Orleans previous to the Mexican war, not only saved the life of the possessor, but was the means of saving his soul. It was in this way: A young Illinois girl purchased a small Testament for four dozen of eggs, at three cents per dozen. When her brother was about to start for Mexico as a volunteer, she put it into his vest pocket. There it remained, wrapped in the same paper and in the same pocket, until the battle of Buena Vista, when the wearer received a wound through the Testament, which broke the force of the bullet, which lodged in his breast and sent him to the hospital. There he read his book, and has since turned out a missionary preacher.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL DISEASE.—Another correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce says that he stopped thirty-two hours at the National Hotel, Washington, in February, while Mr. Buchanan was there; that he drank coffee three times, while his wife drank neither tea nor coffee, and while her health remained unaffected, his was so much injured that he has not since recovered, though before he was an unusually strong, well made man, thirty-eight years of age. His rooms were in the front of the top story, and he did not spend two hours in any other part of the house.

GREEN MARTIN, a farmer in Georgia, has been convicted of whipping one of his slaves to death, and sentenced to be hung on the 7th of May.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE CAPTIVATED TURK.—It is reported that since his arrival in this country, on a certain occasion, a lady was admiring an elegant Cashmere shawl worn by the Turkish Admiral. He gallantly took it from his shoulders, and laid it upon her own to witness its effect, or perhaps, momentarily to gratify her vanity. The shawl was a magnificent one, costing $4,000 or $5,000. Imagine the surprise of the Admiral, when she bluebingly courtsied to him, and moved gracefully off with the coveted shawl as—*a present!*

WASHINGTON, April 1.—Democratic leaders declare that the Senate Bill will pass the House, after the failure of Montgomery's substitute in the Senate. The only member's seat vacant was that of Mr. Caruthers, (Dem.,) who was absent on account of sickness.

A SUIT for divorce is pending in Rochester, New York, which originated in a dispute between Mr. B. and his wife as to whether they should have beefsteak broiled or some oysters fried for breakfast—the lady, whose tastes are excellent, contending for the latter.

A HORSE TAMER, named Reynolds, is operating at Middletown, Conn., with all the success attendant upon Mr. Rarey's system, as developed in Europe.

MAIL ROBBER ARRESTED.—A man named Jonas D. Hartzler was brought before United States Commissioner Dickson, at Springfield, on Thursday, 18th ult., on a charge of robbing the mail at Danville, Ill. He confesses his guilt, and in default of $2,000 bail, was put in jail to await trial. The prisoner is a brother-in-law of the postmaster at Danville, and has been in the habit of assisting in opening the mail bags. He is a member of the Methodist Church. At the time of his arrest a decoy letter, which had been put in the mail to catch him with, was found on him.

A BLACK SNAKE, four or five feet long, the other day attempted to cross a pond in Haverhill on the ice, but the progress made by his snakeship over the cold, glassy surface was so slow that when within about ten feet of the shore, he became so chilled by the ice that he could go no further, and was drawn ashore by means of a pole and captured.

SOMEBODY in Maine has invented a saving in shoe leather, to be effected by a metallic toe-tip. For young children it must be an excellent device.

THE Detroit Advertiser says that Mrs. Thomas, a washerwoman of that city, has recently become heiress to a fortune of a million of dollars, in Europe.

THE trial of Mrs. Julia M. Dewey, *alias* Lewis, for horse stealing, came off on Friday afternoon, 19th ult., at Oswego, N. Y. The prisoner was convicted, and sentenced to three years and two month's imprisonment in Sing Sing prison. The Times says the beauty of the fair criminal had no effect upon the stony hearts of the jury.

THE next election in Illinois occurs in November, when a new Legislature is to be chosen, which will elect a United States Senator to the seat now held by Mr. Douglas.

CONNECTICUT.—The Americans who set up a separate organization on account of dissatisfaction with the management of the Union Convention, have at length adopted the nominee of the latter for Governor. There is now no difference on the American and Republican tickets, except for Secretary of State and Comptroller.

RECKLESS VILLANY.—On the railroad between Savannah and Macon, Georgia, some desperate rascals have, on four different occasions, attempted to shoot passengers in the cars, while the trains were passing secluded spots.

THE engineers and firemen of the Housatonic Railroad have been competing with each other, to see who could run the greatest number of miles with the smallest amount of wood. On Thursday one of the locomotives, with the regular passenger train, ran one hundred and four miles, consuming only one cord of wood.

NEGROES HOLDING SLAVES.—The Louisiana Legislature has passed a bill to prevent free negroes from holding slaves in that State.

NAVIGATING THE AIR.—Considerable excitement was created in Columbia county, Arkansas, on the 24th ult., by the sudden appearance of a genius named Ben. Jones, from Harrison county, Missouri, in a balloon, to which thirty wild geese were harnessed. He said he had been travelling in mid heaven for nearly forty-eight hours, when he thought it about time to come down to "fodder." The story reads like a hoax but is testified to as truth by respectable witnesses.

THE Princess Mathilde is organizing, in Paris, a series of "intimate" soirees, where the guests come and go at their pleasure, play, sing, draw, and converse without the observance of any ceremony or etiquette. A fashion worthy of imitation.

A TELEGRAM from Naples, of the 16th March, says:—"A royal decree, signed this morning by the King, and officially communicated, allows Watt (one of the English prisoners in the Cagliari affair) to return to England immediately."

ACCORDING to the plan of the War Department for the service in Utah, there will be by July about five thousand five hundred troops in that Territory. This force will probably consist of about one-third cavalry, sixteen guns of artillery, and the rest infantry.

TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND DOLLAR DISCOVERY.—The Indianapolis Journal of yesterday says that, on opening a safe the day before, belonging to the old office of the Treasurer of State, which had not been opened for years, there was found within $22,000 in bills on the Bank of Millington, Maryland, and the Binghampton Bank, New York. This batch of bills, it appears from a memorandum found with them, was "deposited for safe-keeping."

THE little negro boy, only about eleven years of age, who confessed to the burning of Col. George A. Bayley's residence, in Surrey County, Va., not long since, was tried before the County Court of Surrey, on Monday, and sentenced to be hung.

A gentleman who has travelled through fifteen counties north of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad in Illinois and Indiana, says the appearance of the wheat fields is very favorable. The two most trying months are over, and a very large yield of wheat is likely to be had this season.

THE largest camelia japonica tree, probably, in the United States, is growing in Charleston, S. C., in the open garden of Mr. Lucas, at the west end of Calhoun Street. The tree is about twenty-five feet high, and the branches are near

NEWS ITEMS.

AN interesting case is being tried at the present time between Mr. Geo. Post and Miss Almeda Griffin, of Granger, Medina county, Ohio, for breach of promise. Unlike cases of this kind, ordinarily, the plaintiff is the male instead of the female. Damages are laid at $5,000. "Sauce for the goose *should* be sauce for the gander."

IT is said there are a hundred attorneys in Cincinnati who have never had a case even before a city magistrate.

GRASSHOPPERS IN TEXAS.—It is stated that grasshoppers in millions are hatching out from the eggs deposited by the swarms that visited Texas last year. Already they cover the prairies, but have not as yet troubled the grass or the crops.

A VERY charming daughter of one of the "solid men of Boston," being at a ball, a few evenings since, was solicited by a combination of moustache, starch and broadcloth, for the honor of her hand in a dance, to which solicitation she returned an affirmative answer. In a subsequent conversation, the aforesaid combination inquired her father's business. "He is a wood-sawyer," she replied. The fellow sloped, feeling that he had let himself down a foot or two by the association. The lady's father was a wealthy dealer in mahogany, which occasionally has to be sawed.

A MUNICIPAL COMPARISON.—Providence, R. I., with only about 10,000 more inhabitants than New Haven, Conn., is at an annual expense of $643,000 to support its city government, while New Haven expends for the same thing only $60,000.

A GOLD MINE has been discovered in Clark county, Iowa, about eight miles north of Oscoola, by persons who were prospecting for coal. Several Californians have visited the place, tested the specimens found, and pronounced it pure gold. Men are engaged in digging, and average from two to five dollars per day. Great excitement prevails throughout that section of the State in regard to it.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The Government has a contract with a citizen of Texas, for supplying $25,000 worth of camels for the use of the army. The commercial arrangements will be made at some points in Africa, affording the best facilities for purchasing animals suitable to our climate, and for exportation hither.

BANK RESUMPTION IN VIRGINIA.—Richmond, Va., April 2.—The Bank Resumption Bill, fixing upon the 1st of May, has been passed by both Houses.

The bill requiring the Independent banks to establish an agency at Richmond or Baltimore, for the redemption of their notes, and also requiring the parent banks to redeem the notes of their branches in specie, was also finally passed. It takes effect in April, 1859.

The Senate has adopted a joint resolution appropriating $2,000 to remove the remains of President Monroe from New York to Richmond.

THE Portland Advertiser learns that the action, John B. Gough *vs.* Dr. Lees, of Scotland, is not actually commenced, but only threatened. The proceeding, if entered upon, is to be by indictment. In such case, by English law, it is understood the truth cannot be given in evidence. Dr. Lees, it is said, has charged Mr. Gough with excessive use of opium and visiting low places; and offers to prove what he charges before twelve persons who will receive the testimony.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature of Maine finally adjourned on Monday morning, after a busy session of eighty-three days. A new liquor law was enacted, which, with the law of 1856, is to be submitted to a vote of the people, with full power to choose between the two.

THE INVASION OF MEXICO.—It has already been mentioned that Col. Lockridge was in Texas organizing a party of "emigrants" for Northern Mexico. The expedition is said to be a filibuster movement, and it is said Gen. Walker will command it, and that Comonfort, the runaway President of Mexico, who is in New Orleans, is to furnish the funds.

ONE of the witnesses in a recent trial, being interrogated as to how much he could drink without feeling the effects of the liquor, replied: "I could drink more in the old country than here; the liquor is too bad in this country for any one to drink." There was a good deal of truth in that answer.

ROBERT J. GRIFFIN, who was arrested at Paris, Ky., a few days ago, and confined in the Bourbon county jail, to await trial on a charge of having been engaged in setting fire to barns in that vicinity, was taken out of jail at 2 o'clock on Monday morning by a mob, and hung.

EFFECT OF THE PERSIA'S NEWS AT MOBILE.—Mobile, March 31.—The receipt here, to-day, of the Persia's news, advising a heavy decline in the Liverpool cotton market, caused a very general disappointment, and the few sales that have been made since the news, show a decline of ⅛c. per lb., the market closing flat and irregular.

NAVIGATION OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—Dubuque, April 2.—Two mail carriers have arrived here from Sault St. Marie, having left that place on the 18th ult. They report the Straits of Machinaw as free from ice, and though the Sault River was still bridged over with ice, it was giving way fast, and it is thought that boats leaving here on the 12th instant would not experience any difficulty from the ice in Sault River, or in Lake Superior.

NOT A COWARD.—The Emperor Napoleon was in the Bois de Boulogne, without escort, and was walking about with the Empress and the imperial Prince. I happened this afternoon to be a witness to the almost rash way in which he sets at naught precautions which most men in his situation would be likely to take.

Passing through the Tuileries gardens between 3 and 4 o'clock this afternoon, I saw the Emperor alone, standing on the step of the little staircase leading from his study to the reserved garden, which is only fenced off by a railing not more than forty yards from the Palace, and a railing which anybody might jump over.

For at least a quarter of an hour he remained alone, leaning on the banisters in an attitude of contemplation, with his legs crossed, and smoking a cigar. The day being very fine, thousands of people were walking in the gardens, and great numbers leaned over the railings to stare at him.

When at length, being summoned by an usher to give audience to some one, he went into his study, he left the outer door open. Whatever may be said against him, truth commands one to say that pusillanimity is not one of his characteristics.—*Letter from Paris.*

A JUST VERDICT.—The following tragic incident occurred in Jefferson County, Mississippi, on the 18th ultimo:—Ephraim Cater, and a companion by the name of Johnson, attempted a *charivari* of Mr. James Smith, using bugles, guns, blasphemy and obscenity. Mr. Smith submitted under protest and remonstrance until 'forbearance ceased to be a virtue," and even after he had exhibited his gun, and threatened to resent their insults, he importuned and begged of the parties, for the sake of his family and their own lives, to desist from their infamy, and cowardice, and not until patience and forbearance were exhausted, did he manifest hostile resentment. To rid himself of an insolent and dastardly enemy he was compelled to use his gun. The shot told well, and the victim expired with a single gasp. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—The Liquor Bill has passed the House by 45 yeas to 29 nays.

The Bill for the sale of the State canals to the Sunbury and Erie Road, has passed the House, and, it is supposed, will pass the Senate.

☞ An English paper, in speaking of the American light pleasure-wagon, says that the wheels consist of four circles of cheese-rind filled with spider-webs.

☞ A witness was asked, how he knew the parties to be man and wife. "'Cause I heard the gentleman blow the lady up," was the reply.

I DARE not ask a kisse;
I dare not ask a smile;
Lest having that or this,
I might grow proud the while.
No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be,
Only to kisse that aire
That lately kissed thee.
—*Herrick's Hesperides*, 1648.

☞ This was the criticism of Waller upon "Paradise Lost":—"The old blind Schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered as a merit, it has no other." Yet Milton survived.

☞ We must confess the faults of our favorite, in order to obtain credit to our praises of his excellences.—*Johnson.*

☞ THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS.—Apropos to Rachel's famous prophecy, that in eight days she would be the food of worms and biographers, it is stated that Headley is engaged upon a Life of General Havelock.

☞ A patriotic Austrian (a rare species in Austria, where there is so very little to be patriotic about) was bragging to the editor of MURRAY'S *Handbook* about his country. It took the lead in civilization—it was the grandest, the purest, the freest, the best Fatherland. "In fact, sir," he exclaimed, "I tell you that Austria is before all the world." "Yes, much in the same way that Chaos was," was the happy reply.—*Punch.*

☞ It is a base temper in mankind that they will not take the smallest slight at the hand of those who have done them the greatest kindness.

☞ A great man commonly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the look-out for his thundering and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people; nay, sometimes he may even be seen laughing. His proportions his exertions to his excitements; having been accustomed to converse with deep and lofty thoughts, it is not to be expected that he will flare or sparkle in ordinary chit-chat. One sees no pebbles glittering at the bottom of the Atlantic.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been rather more activity in the Breadstuffs market, but without essential change in the prices of any description, though holders were firm. The sales of Flour comprise 500 bbls Superfine at $4.25@4.37½ ℔ bbl; 400 bbls Common Extra at $4.37½; 1500 bbls good Western Extra at $4,50; 1000 bbls Extra Family at $4,75; and 200 bbls of a choice brand at $5. There has been a fair inquiry for home consumption within the range of the above quotations. Rye Flour is held at $3.25 ℔ bbl, and Corn Meal at $3 ℔ bbl, without sales.

GRAIN—Supplies of Wheat are coming forward freely, but the demand for it is still quite limited, and prices are drooping. Sales of 1600 bushels good and prime Red at $1,07@1,10 ℔ bus, and some White at $1,15@1,30. Rye continues to command 70c, and it is wanted for distilling at this figure. Corn is in active demand at former prices. 10,000 bushels Yellow sold at 65c ℔ bus, afloat. 600 bus Barley Malt sold at 85c. Oats are in active request, and prices have again advanced 1c ℔ bus. Sales of 2000 bus prime Jersey at 38c, and 1800 bus Delaware at the same figure.

PROVISIONS—The market is firmer, and some 300 bbls Mess Pork have been taken in lots at $17. Mess Beef sells in lots for ship stores at $15@17 ℔ bbl, mostly at the latter rate for city packed. Bacon is moving off as wanted at 11¼@12c for plain and fancy Hams; 9¼@9½c for Sides, and 7¼@8c for Shoulders. Green Meats are steady, with rather more doing, and 700 casks have changed hands at 9¼@9½c for Hams in pickle, chiefly at the latter rate, Sides at 8¼@8½c, and Shoulders at 7c in salt, including rough cut meats at rather lower rates, cash and short time. Lard is scarce and firm, with further small receipts and sales of country at 9¼@10c, and Western at 10¼@10½c for bbls, and 11¼@11½c for kegs, mostly cash. Butter is about stationary, but Roll sells slowly at 14@16c. Solid is in fair demand at 11@13c. Cheese is unchanged but firm at quotations. Eggs sell at 13½@14c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been quite dull, partly owing to the unfavorable advices from Europe, by the *City of Baltimore* and *Persia*, and prices have fallen off ⅛c ℔ lb. The week's sales reach some 650 bales, in lots, most of Uplands, within the range of 12@12c ℔ lb, cash and time, for low grade and middling fair.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron arriving. Sales of 40@50 hhds No 1, at $37@45 ℔ ton. Tanners' Bark will commence coming forward more freely in a few weeks, but at this time there is none offering.

BEESWAX—Is steady. Sales of yellow at 28c ℔ lb, cash.

COAL—The Reading Railroad reduced their rates of freight and toll 20c ℔ ton since the close of last week. The cargo prices of Schuylkill Coal range at $3,50 for White, and $3,75 ℔ ton for Red Ash.

FEATHERS—Meet a very limited inquiry, and sell in a small way at 40@45c ℔ lb, on time.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit attracts but little attention. Dried Apples range from 6¼@6½c ℔ lb. Peaches are very scarce, and range from 10@14c for unpared halves, and 18@20c for good pared Southern and Western. Green Apples range from $2@3,50 ℔ bbl, as in quality.

HIDES—The tanners generally are bare of stock, but the high views of holders checks business. Some 3000 dry Caracoas Hides have found buyers in lots at about 19c. The arrivals of Porto Cabello Hides are mostly all going to New York.

HOPS are unchanged, with a small business only to notice in Eastern and Western at 7@11c ℔ lb.

IRON—The foreign news is unfavorable for this staple, and the market has been very quiet during the last week; sales of Pig Metal only reaching some 900 tons Anthracite within the range of quotations, including 400 tons No 1 at $24, 6 mos, and 150 tons No 2 at $22, cash. Scotch Pig is also quiet, and prices about the same. In Manufactured Iron there is very little doing, and prices are nominally unchanged.

LEAD is firm, with a reduced stock to operate in. A sale of 50 tons Virginia was made at 6c ℔ lb, on time, with interest.

LEATHER—Prices are steady for Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and there has been more inquiry.

LUMBER—There has been rather more doing, but without change from former quotations. Yellow Pine Sap Boards rang from $13 to $15 ℔ 1000; Carolina Flooring are held at $16.

SEED—There is little Cloverseed offering or selling, and prices are steady at $4@6,25 ℔ bus, the latter for prime lots.

TALLOW—There is but little offering. Sales of City Rendered at 11@11½c ℔ lb cash.

TOBACCO—There is a little more demand both for Leaf and Manufactured, but without change in prices. Among the sales we notice 30 hhds Mason Co. at 7@13c ℔ lb on time.

WOOL—There has been a little more inquiry, and rather more firmness in price, but the market is far from being active. Among the sales we notice a lot of 100,000 lbs on private terms; 30,000 lbs fine Washington County at 38@40c; 25,000 lbs fine Ohio at 37½c; and 20,000 lbs pulled at 29@30c for Merino; 26c ℔ lb, cash, for No 1 pulled.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 3.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is buoyant, except Southern, which is steady. Sales of 5500 bush at $4,30@4,50 for State, an advance of 10c, and $4.90@5 for Ohio. Wheat firm; 12,000 bush sold at $1.30@1,25 for Western white, and $1,16 for reds. Corn is scarce and has an advancing tendency; yellow is held at 70@71c. Mess Pork has advanced 10c, at $16,90@16,95. Lard is buoyant at 10@10½c.

Rev. Charles Smith, of Boston, has requested his salary to be reduced from $2,500 to $2,000. A rare occurrence.

THE NEW AND STARTLING POEM OF THE DRESS FOR THE HAIR.

CANTO I.

Miss Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square,
A lady of fashion, of wealth and of beauty,
Spent money like water for stuff for the hair,
And did it because she thought it a duty
To paint the fine lily—to perfume the rose—
To gild refined gold—though few would suppose
Miss Flora McFlimsey, with beauty so rare,
Required aught to make her more charmingly fair.

CANTO II.

Miss Flora had heard of a noted Professor,
Who dressed his own hair, tho' not a Hairdresser,
With a magical, wonderful, great preparation,
(Now used in vast quantities over the nation.)
This noted Professor was gray as a rat
At juvenile thirty—no older than that—
And the amount of poor hair his crown had upon it,
(Though now as black as a raven's wing,
With lustre enough for a ball-room king,)
Would not have been accepted, such was its harsh
and dry character, by any fashionist, however bald
she might have been, who o'er wore a bonnet.

This is all of this beautiful and startling poem which will be published in this paper. If you desire to learn the effect of the preparation which Miss McFlimsey applied to her hair, call at 312 Broadway, and Professor Wood's agent will prove to you that Wood's Hair Restorative is one of the best articles for beautifying and promoting the growth and restoring the original color of the hair, ever sold, put before the world.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York), are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine dealers, also by all Fancy and Toilet Goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

BRONCHITIS.

The usual symptoms of this disease are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Hectic Fever, a spitting of Phlegm or Matter, and sometimes Blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the Wind Tubes or Air Vessels which run through every part of the Lungs. Jayne's Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever and difficulty of Breathing; produces a free and easy expectoration, and *effects a speedy cure*

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. mar27-3t

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER.—Voluntarily, conscientiously, and with much pleasure, we recommend to our readers the above named medicine. We speak from our own observation and experience when we say that it removes pain as if by magic from all parts of the body, and is one of the best medicines in use for checking diarrhœa, and removing the premonitory symptoms of cholera.—*Com. Nonpariel.*

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ℔ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ℔ lb	9 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	5½a 8
Rump do	10 a12	Young Lamb, whole	@5a6
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	5 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	2 a6	Fore quarter ℔ lb	8
Tongues, fresh	63 a75	Hind do	10
Leg, each	31¼a37½	Chop	12½
Skin	23 a25	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Sweetbread each	10
Liver ℔ lb	5 a 9	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ℔ lb	14 a16	Young Pigs	@1 75 a2 00
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	10 a 12
Pure quarter	75 a87½	Feet ℔ set	10a 25
Hind do	1 00 a1 12½	Tripe ℔ lb	4 a 5
Chop ℔ lb	10 a12	Lard do	10 a 12½
Calves Head each	20 a25	Ham, sliced	16 a 18
		Bologna sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bus	62	6th Pot'a ℔ bus	@1 50a1 75
Beets bunch	4 a 5	do do ℔ lb	6a 8
Cabbage bbl	1 75	Corn Pot's bus	1 15a1 25
do h'd	3 a 10	Onions bus	30
Carrots doz	10		

FRUIT.

Apples ℔ bkt	62½a 87½	Cranberries qt	12 a 16
do ℔ pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ℔ lb	12 a 14	Chickens ℔ lb	10 a 12½
Spring Chickens ℔ pair	— a 87	Pheasants	@2 00 a2 50
Chickens ℔ pair	75 a1 50	Sqb Pig'ns pair	25 a 50
		Frogs doz	25 a 50

SHELLFISH.

Ter'pin (South) doz	@6 00 a8 00	Oysters, Absecom ℔ bkt	50 a 75
do (Ches & Del)	5 00 a8 00	do ℔ M	@16 00 a20 00
Lobsters lb	8 a 10	M Riv Cove M	17 00 a25 00
Clams M	2 00 a2 50	N Y do ℔ bbl	12 00 a30 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	30 a 35	Mackerel	10
Roll do	20 a 24	Dry Cod	4 a 6
Eggs doz	13 a 20	Sm'k'd Herring bunch	3
Cod	5 a 6	Honey lb	20 a 25
Fresh Shad	31 a 40	Smearcase cake	2 a
Salt Shad lb	11		

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER No. 339 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	—	—
" " '67	114¾	—
" " '68	114¾	—
" " 5 '85	102	—
Phila 6 pr ct	103	103½
" " new	99½	99½
" " 5	99	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	89½	90
Pitts 6 pr ct	80	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
All'gy co R R 6's	50	86
Penn		
" " 5 "	87	87½
" " coupon	90	90½
Tenn 6 pr ct	93½	93½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103
Missouri 6's	81½	82
Penn R R 6 pr ct	89½	90
Sch nyl loan '63	85	88
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	70	78
P G & N R R "	50	—
Reading R R "	77	78
" " m'rt "	88	—
" " " 6 pr ct '88	66	68
Lehigh Val 6's	78½	79½
Ches Val R R "	50	55
Tioga R R "	80	—
Phil Wil & Bal		
60 R R 6 pr ct	94½	95½
Long I R R "	70	72
Sch Nav '82 "	55	59
Lehigh Nav "	93	95½
Mort "	95	96
C & B C "	75	79
Sus & Tid '78 "	49	50
Union Canal	39½	40
Williams & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	56	57
2d " 7 pr ct	51	52½
Catawissa "	40	45
North Pa 5 pr ct	53½	54
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	96	96½
Penna	43½	44
Bas Meadow	51½	52
North Penna	9½	9¾
Phil Ger & Nor	52	62½
Reading	22½	22¾
Minehill	59	60
Har & Lan	54	56
Ches Val	3	5
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	27	29
Long Island	114	115
Will'sport & Elm	12	12½
Catawissa	7	7½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	9	9½
" preferred	14½	15
Lehigh Nav	59	62
Morris Consol'd	45	50
" preferred	95½	95½
C & Del	41	42
Union	4	5
Sus & Tidewater	—	9
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	129	132
Phila	112	112½
Far & Mec	59½	60
Commercial	48	49
N Liberty	55	60½
Mechanics	26	26½
Southwark	63	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	57	—
Girard	10	10½
Western	59	61
Man & Mech	29½	30½
Commerce	63	65
Tradesman's	—	—
City	44	45
Consolidation	33	35
Commonwealth	19½	22
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	50	55
M & M Pitts	51	55
Ex'ge Pitts	54	—
Kentucky	102	—
Northern Ky	104½	—
Louisville, Ky	104	—
Farmers, Ky	117	118
Union, Nash, Tenn	94	96½
Plant's, Tenn	96	98
Com & R Vick	—	—
N O Gas Lt	110	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 3, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
Relief Notes	½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	1½ dis
Solvent bks par to	½ dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 to 5 dis
Solvent bks par to	½ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	½ to ¾ dis	Solvent banks	2½ dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent bks par to	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	State bank	1½ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Old banks	4 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	2 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	20 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	3½ dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1 dis		

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IF YOU ARE SICK, the probability is that the root of your suffering is in the stomach. From a weak stomach proceed dyspepsia, langor, oppression in the diaphragm, jaundice, headache, nausea, bodily weakness, dimness of sight, heartburn, costiveness, dysentery, and a legion of other tormenting diseases. Indigestion produces thin blood, and therefore destroys the strength and vigor of the system. To restore the tone of the stomach, and enable it to throw off and dismiss forever all these tormenting and dangerous complaints, nothing is necessary but a persevering use of Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. There is no mistake, no failure in their curative effects.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, MILTON P. HAYWARD, M. D. of Hartford, Ct. to Miss JULIA B. STEELE, of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM H. BENNETT, to CAROLINE, daughter of the late Wm. McMullin, Esq.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. HOWARD SIMES, to Miss LIZZIE GILBERT, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Robt. Armstrong, Mr. ROBERT SHANNON, to Miss ELIZA CLOSE, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, LOUIS GUTEKUNST, to MARY S. SAUER, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. A. T. Cookman, Mr. WILLIAM F BEARD, of Richmond, Va. to Miss GEORGIANNA, daughter of Chas. H. Fisher, of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Mr. CHARLES DICKEY, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELEANOR FLEMING, of Wilmington, Del.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ultimo, THOMAS ROLLENS, aged 60.

At Chestnut Hill, on the 29th ultimo, HANNAH, wife of Wm. Millman, aged 71 years.

On the 30th ultimo, WALKER MOYER, aged 27.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. LUCRETIA, wife of Thos. Heyler, aged 69 years.

On the 28th ultimo, CHARLES APPLE, aged 39.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. ANASTATIA FRENCH, aged 64 years.

On the 27th ultimo, JOSEPH SIDDALL, aged 86.

On the 26th ultimo, HARRIET RINGGOLD, aged 48 years.

On the 29th ultimo, CHARLES W KENN, aged 30.

On the 29th ultimo, CATHARINE SMITH, aged 71.

On the 27th ultimo, REBECCA E. CHRISTOPHER, aged 60 years.

On the 27th ultimo, MARGARET, wife of W. Black, aged 65 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of Isaac L. Gordon, aged 31 years.

On the 27th ultimo, MARGARET, wife of James Dougherty, aged 35 years.

On the 28th ultimo, ANNA P. CRAWFORD, aged 66 years.

On the 28th ultimo, CHARLES DOWNER, aged 29.

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A preparation for *Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Consumption, &c.*, compounded on strictly scientific principles, of ingredients hitherto unknown to the American public. It will cure diseases arising from colds in a remarkably short time. Read the following, and give it a trial:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 16, 1858.

DR. C. M. JACKSON:

SIR:—I had for sometime been suffering under a severe cold, having pains through my whole system, sore throat, and hoar

Wit and Humor.

PRACTICAL JOKERS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The late Rev. Mr. Latta, for many years pastor of a church in Chester county, a man greatly beloved by his flock and respected by the community, was once asked by an inquisitive lady, "Why do ministers shut their eyes when they pray?" He replied, "I cannot, madame, give you a reason for the practice by others, but can inform you why I do so myself:

"Shortly after I was ordained, I was officiating on a Sabbath morning, in the depth of winter, in an ancient church in the interior of the State, where the congregation were unable to support a regular minister. The cold was intense. The house was so dilapidated as to give entrance to the wind on all sides. The stove was a six-plate of primitive pattern, with perhaps thirty feet of rusted soot encumbered pipe, and which being *chokefull* of green, sappy wood, yielded an abundance of smoke, but a scanty supply of heat. Around this stove were clustered a dozen or more of the audience, vainly striving to obtain a comfortable degree of warmth before taking their seats.

"A Dandie Dinmont specimen of our rural population, one of the last arrivals, approached the centre of comfort, having the same object in view that had drawn his predecessors to the place. Finding himself excluded from the stove by at least four tiers of persons, who obstinately kept possession of their posts, he had placed himself behind a *Jesse* looking man, rejoicing in a luxuriant crop of real flame-colored hair. To this man's head, he was applying his hands, exactly as he would to the flame of a brisk fire. Alternately presenting the palms and the backs, then rubbing them, with apparent satisfaction, as if actually gaining warmth by the operation.

"His demeanor throughout was so grave and earnest, and the whole pantoomme so naturally performed, that when I cast my eyes on the place, between surprise and the ludicrous humor of the act itself, my gravity was so nearly overset that a smile, almost a laugh, involuntarily overspread my countenance. This was certainly unbecoming both the place and the solemn service in which I was engaged. Since that time I have been careful to keep my eyes closed during prayers."

H—— D——, a subaltern officer in the revolutionary war, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Long Island; and was after the restoration of peace a member of our State Legislature, was an incorrigible though good natured wag and practical joker. He had been successful in his tricks on a number of persons, who, to do him justice, were generally proper subjects on whom to exercise his peculiar vein of humor. In most cases the lessons received from him were appropriate rebukes of folly or extravagance.

Not far from him lived a young German, though of Pennsylvania birth. This young man had heard of the acts of our facetious friend, and was in the habit of declaring himself proof against any of his schemes. He was naturally a boaster, and the sequel will show not without some reason. Often he was heard to say in his patois, "I is doo gunnin to be cotch mit his dricks, and mine heart is so pig that der Tenfel mit all his epuchs can't skeer me." This defiant air made D—— more anxious to turn the tables, and excite the laugh against him.

One fine summer evening near nightfall, D—— saw young *Brom Bones* riding his favorite horse down the road, by the old church yard, near the abode of the latter. Knowing that he would return by the same way at an early hour of the night, in order to carry out his plan, he clad himself with such attire as he judged to be the appropriate costume of a ghost, and stationing himself under some venerable oaks, in a corner of the grave-yard, he awaited, with as much patience as he could assume, the return of his victim. Fortunately he had not remained long on watch, before he heard the clatter of hoofs, announcing the approach of the young man. When he came opposite to him, he rose slowly above the wall—an awful looking spectre, in a white shroud. Addressing him by name in a sepulchral voice, he said:—

"Brom, before two changes of the moon, you will be mouldering in a cold grave, by the side of the one to which, alas! I must soon return." Without apparent alarm or trepidation, Brom replied—"Well, now Mr. Speerit, I know dat is a lie. For when I die, dey will bury me at Pikeland, at de organ church, by mine own volks." In relation to this D—— used to say—"I was dead beat, and willing to admit that he was as he boasted, doo gunning to be cotch mit my dricks." W. T. W.

Norristown, Pa.

KING CHARLES THE SIMPLE, AND HIS FOOL.—This good fellow's influence was so great, that Charles, King of France, once remarked to him, he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being a king.

"Oh, content enough," was the reply: "but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool."

It was this fool who once tried his master's nerve, by rushing into his room one morning, with the exclamation—

"Oh, sire, such news! Four thousand men have risen in the city!"

"What!" cried the startled king: "with what intention have they risen!"

"Well," said Jean, placing his finger upon his nose, "probably with the intention of lying down again at bedtime."

☞ A certain *gastronomic* clergyman (*for we believe that clergymen can occasionally be gastronomic*) who was preaching upon the miraculous supply of quail to the Israelites when they were starving in the desert, in order to enhance in the sight of his congregation the liberality of Providence in selecting *that* particular article of food, burst out unctuously with —"And you know, my beloved brethren, what a delicious little bird the quail is."

ANOTHER DOG ITEM.—In this State, dogs, unless taxed, are not property. Consequently, a man who steals a dog, isn't a thief, in the eye of the law. Some time since, a gentleman in this city lost a very valuable dog. The quadruped was stolen by a swill gatherer. To recover the quadruped, the owner applied to a lawyer. Lawyer looked grave, and opened up the following conversation:

"You're sure your dog is stolen?"

"Certain. I know where the man lives that has him. I want a search warrant to ransack his premises."

"Can't be done. An untaxed dog, in the eye of the law, isn't property."

"Indeed! Queer country, ain't it?"

"Rather. Had the dog a collar?"

"He had, and with my name on it."

"All right, then. We'll get a search warrant for the collar. A collar's property, though a dog isn't."

The sequel is, that the search warrant was obtained, and the property was recovered. Who but a lawyer would have thought of such a plan? —*North American.*

Agricultural.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR AND SYRUP,

Manufacture of Sugar and Syrup, upon a small scale, from the Juice of the Sorgho, being a Practical Application of J. S. LOVERING'S *Process.*

For the use of persons unacquainted with the subject, we commence with a brief statement of

GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

The juice of the ripe Sorgho is composed of

1. Crystallizable sugar, about seven and a quarter per cent. 2. Uncrystallizable molasses, about seven per cent. 3. Acid. 4. Vegetable mucilage, or gum. 5. Coloring matter. 6. Water.

Our object is to separate the sugar and molasses. The acid and mucilage prevent the sugar from crystallizing.

1. Our first step will be to neutralize the acid in the juice by combining it with an alkali (lime.)

2. Our second step will be to remove the mucilage by the addition of liquid albumen (blood, eggs, or milk) to the cold juice; we then apply heat; the albumen, being heated, coagulates, and, rising in the form of scum, carries the mucilage with it. This process is called *clarifying*, and should be *twice* repeated at least.

3. Having now got rid of the acid and most of the mucilage, our third step is to remove the *coloring matter*, by filtering the clarified juice through granulated bone black.

But a *peculiar mucilage* still remains, inseparable at a lower heat than about 225 deg. Fahrenheit.

4. Our next step will be to boil the filtered juice to 225 deg. Fahrenheit, and then to add lime water. This mucilage then rises as a scum, and is removed.

We now have left a solution composed of 1. Sugar. 2. Molasses. 3. Water.

5. To crystallize the sugar, we must evaporate the excess of water, by boiling. Most of the sugar will crystallize when the solution grows cold. The uncrystallized part, we drain off as molasses.

These operations require the greatest exactness, for if we do not boil enough, the sugar contained in the solution will not crystallize when cold; or, if we boil too much, the molasses will become so thick when it cools, as to impair the crystallizing of the sugar, and cannot be separated from it.

But how shall we know when to stop the boiling?

By the heat of the boiling liquid, as marked by the thermometer.

Pure water boils at 212 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. You cannot make it hotter without changing it to *steam*. The Sorgho juice, being a solution of about fourteen per cent. of sugar and molasses, &c., in water, becomes three degrees hotter before boiling, and boils at 215 degrees Fahrenheit. As the water evaporates, a greater heat is required to keep the concentrated juice at a boil; in other words, the juice grows hotter and hotter. When it reaches the heat marked on the thermometer 238 deg. Fahrenheit, there is just enough water left to enable the sugar to separate from the molasses when cold.

6. We now pour the concentrated juice into a mould, a keg, a barrel, or other deep vessel, with a plug in the bottom, and allow it to cool.

7. When quite cold (say in twenty-four hours) we remove the plug. The liquid portion, being molasses with a little sugar and water, gradually drains out, leaving the sugar dry in from four to ten days.

It is also important to remember, that the juice begins to ferment almost as soon as it leaves the cane, and therefore, should be neutralized, clarified, and boiled *without delay*. A very few hours' delay will spoil it.

A long continued exposure to heat gradually converts crystallizable sugar to uncrystallizable molasses, therefore, the evaporation should be *as rapid as possible*.

A concentrated solution of sugar and molasses is very liable to burn, and should, therefore, be carefully watched, and exposed to a *more and more moderate fire* as the evaporation advances.

The use of a saccharometer is to indicate the relative weight or density of a liquid as compared with water. This density depends upon the amount of sugar, or other heavy substances held in solution. Consequently, the degree of density indicated by the saccharometer, is an index of the proportion of sugar, &c., contained in the juice.

It is simply a hollow tube terminating in a bulb, loaded with shot, to keep the bulb down and the tube upright. Floating in pure water, the tube, at the point where it appears above the surface, marks 0. But in proportion as the liquid is heavier, the bulb does not sink so deep, and more of the tube appears above the surface. The density of the Sorgho juice, cold, is about 10 deg. Beaumé, so called from Beaumé, the inventor.

If your kettles or moulds are of iron, give them two good coats of white paint *inside*, drying each coat thoroughly. This prevents the sugar from being made dark by contact with iron, which will be the case if the slightest acid be present. Before using them, scald them thoroughly *twice*, letting boiling water stand in them until cold, to remove the taste of the paint.

NECESSARY UTENSILS, MACHINERY, &c.

1. A thermometer *marking* 250 deg. *Fahrenheit*. One without a case, or which can be removed from the case.

2. A saccharometer, or Pesé Sirop, scale of Beaumé.

You had better get *two of both the above*, to provide against accident.

3. A few sheets of litmus paper.

4. Two kettles of copper, brass, or iron, holding twenty-five gallons each; one of these may be smaller than the other, but if so, should be as large a diameter, only shallower.

5. Three, or more, large iron sugar moulds, holding twelve gallons each. If you cannot get the sugar moulds, three *long, narrow* twelve gallon kegs will answer.

6. Three five gallon pots of glazed earthen or stone ware, with mouths somewhat smaller than the caps of the sugar moulds. If you use kegs instead of moulds you can use pails instead of pots.

7. A barrel of granulated (not pulverized) bone black, such as is used by sugar refiners.

8. Four ten gallon tubs. (Two water-tight whiskey or cider barrels, sawed across the centre, will answer.)

9. A yard of thick heavy bed ticking.

10. A circular piece of coarse wire gauze, to fit the inside of the sugar mould or keg, three inches above the lower end.

11. A circular piece of half inch board, full of gimlet holes, to fit the inside of the sugar mould or keg, three inches above the lower end.

12. A shallow perforated iron or tin skimmer.

13. A large iron or tin dipper, or ladle.

14. A sugar mill; if to work by hand, two parallel, horizontal iron rollers, set firmly in a frame, one-eighth of an inch part, and turned by a crank, with a spout to catch and collect the juice. If by horse power, three rollers set closer together, will be more effective. The greater the compression of the canes, the larger the yield of juice.

15. Two simple furnaces, or fire-places of brick, upon which to place the two kettles. One larger furnace, with two holes, and one fire place under both kettles, will do, if the kettles are *movable*. But as the labor and delay of lifting them off and on is great, two separate arches are better. These furnaces must have a flue, communicating with a chimney, to create draft, and carry off the smoke.

16. A bushel of quick lime.

17. A gallon of fresh bullock's blood, or twelve dozen of eggs, or twelve quarts of milk. Either will do, but one of the first two is preferable.

PRELIMINARIES.

Having your mill ready, your furnaces built, your kettles and other utensils above described, on the spot; you will need two men, if you use a hand mill, to relieve each other at the crank, the one turning it, while the other passes the canes, one at a time, twice through the rollers, as you must work the mill without cessation throughout the day, to keep the kettles constantly supplied. If you use horse power, two boys will suffice, one to drive the horse, the other to pass the canes through, several at a time.

1. Provide abundant dry fuel, close at hand, and ready for immediate use.

2. Cut and deposit at the mill enough canes for the day's work, say ten canes for each gallon of juice required. Place two tubs (which we will call tubs 1 and 2) at the mill ready to receive the juice.

3. Prepare a bone black filter as follows:

Take one of the sugar moulds (which we will call mould No. 1). About three inches from the small end, fit into it the circular piece of half inch board full of small holes. Upon this, lay the circular piece of wire gauze, over the gauze lay a piece of heavy ticking (or blanket of several thicknesses), laying the edges carefully round the sides of the mould, so as to prevent the bone from escaping: stop the hole at the small end of the mould, half fill the mould with hot water, then pour in as much bone black as the mould will hold, leaving about three inches of space on top. Set the filter, thus made, upon another of the tubs (which we will call tub No. 3), to serve as a cistern to receive the filtered juice. Or, a filter may be made of a tight keg or barrel, set on end, with a hole in the bottom, stopped with a plug or faucet, and having a wooden second, or false bottom, perforated with gimlet holes, three inches above the first: cover this with a piece of ticking or blanket, and on that put the bone black, as directed.

4. Prepare some *milk of lime* as follows:—Put about a gallon of quick lime into a pail, slacken it with water, until it resembles milk in appearance and consistency. Set it aside, and *stir it before using*.

5. Prepare some *lime water* as follows:—Put a gallon of quick lime into another pail, slacken it, fill up the pail with water, stir it thoroughly, let the lime settle. The clear water will be a saturated solution of lime, and is called lime water. *Do not stir this again*, but use it *clear*.

PROCESS OF MAKING THE SUGAR.

When the seeds of the Sorgho are at least three-fourths ripe, or if in a cold climate, when *a hard frost has come*, cut your canes just above the ground, strip off the leaves and seed heads, and cut each cane into two parts, separating the eight lower joints from the upper ones. Lay aside the upper joints, which contain but little sugar, but will make good molasses.

Pass the lower joints through the rollers twice: let the juice flow into tubs 1 and 2. When about twenty gallons of juice are ready, put into one of the kettles, which we will call kettle No. 1, or *the clarifier*, three gills of blood, or the whites of eight eggs, well beaten. If you have neither, two pints of milk will answer, but not so well. Add six tablespoonsful of milk of lime previously prepared, and stirred before using. Add about a gallon of juice, and stir the whole thoroughly together.

Now dip into one of the tubs of unmixed juice a small strip of the blue litmus paper. It will immediately turn red, more or less vivid in proportion to the acidity of the juice. Lay the strip of litmus paper aside, and add to kettle No. 1 about nineteen gallons more of juice; stir the whole. Then dip the strip of reddened litmus paper into the kettle. If it again become blue, the acid is entirely neutralized. If not, continue to stir in milk of lime in small quantities, and to test with the litmus paper, until its original blue color is restored.

Now light a fire under kettle No. 1. As the juice grows hot a thick scum will rise. Do not disturb it, but bring the juice to a boil. To be sure that it does boil, remove a little of the scum with the skimmer, and insert your thermometer. When it marks 215 deg. Fahrenheit, and the scum *begins to roll over*, put out the fire immediately, or remove the kettle. Let it stand ten or fifteen minutes. Then carefully remove the scum with the skimmer into a third pail. Then boil again.

When the saccharometer marks 15 deg. Beaumé in the boiling juice, extinguish the fire, or remove the kettle, and let it cool to 160 deg. Fahrenheit, or cooler. Now stir in six more eggs well beaten, or two gills of blood, or one pint of milk. *Omit the lime.* Again bring it to a boil, again extinguish the fire, or remove the kettle; and, after standing ten mintes, remove the scum as before. Then ladle the clear juice into the bone black filter, (see preliminaries No. 3,) having first withdrawn the stopper, allowing the warm water to flow out below, as the juice is poured in above, being careful to keep the filter full of liquid. When the water below begins to run sweet, marking 3 deg. Beaumé, throw away what has previously run out, and receive the remainder in tub No. 3.

We are now ready to continue evaporation, and it will be better to do so in smaller quantities, as in a shallower mass the concentration will be more rapid. Therefore, when about ten gallons have passed through the filter into tub 3, ladle into kettle No. 2, which now first comes into use, and which we will call the *Evaporator*. Boil to 225 deg. Fahrenheit. Then put in a gill of clear lime water (see preliminaries No. 5). If a dirty white scum arises, skim it off, and continue to add a little more lime water every few minutes until no scum rises. Continue to boil to 238 deg. Fahrenheit. If it boil over, put in a piece of butter the size of a walnut: then remove the kettle, or put out the fire, and pour into a tub which we will call No. 4.

By this time ten gallons more will have passed through the filter. Ladle it into kettle No. 2, which we have just emptied, boil to 225 deg. Fahrenheit, clarify with lime water as before, boil to 238 deg. Fahrenheit, and add to it the contents of tub No. 4, stirring the two together.

Previously, however, as soon as kettle No. 1 has been emptied upon the bone black filter, put into kettle No. 1 milk of lime and eggs, (or blood, or milk,) as before, and neutralize and clarify twenty gallons more of fresh juice from the mill, which has been grinding without interruption. This second charge of kettle No. 1 should be neutralized, tested with litmus paper, heated to 215 deg. Fahrenheit, scooled, skimmed, boiled to 15 deg. Beaumé, scooled again, a second time clarified with eggs, skimmed again, and passed through the filter; all this being done simultaneously with the filtering and evaporation of the first charge of kettle No. 1. It will then be put, in its turn, into kettle No. 2, now again empty, ten gallons at a time, boiled to 225 Fahrenheit, clarified a third time with lime water, skimmed, evaporated to 238 deg. Fahrenheit, and added to the contents of tub No. 4.

While the second charge of kettle No. 1 is passing through the filter and kettle No. 2, a third charge of twenty gallons of fresh juice will be neutralized and clarified in kettle No. 1.

While the third charge from kettle No. 1 is passing through the filter and kettle No. 2, a fourth charge of twenty gallons of fresh juice will be neutralized and clarified in kettle No. 1, to follow the others, when boiled down to 238 deg. Fahrenheit, into tub No. 4.

When as much juice as can be boiled the same day has been expressed, *stop the mill.*

Eighty gallons of juice clarified and boiled down to 238 deg. Fahrenheit will be reduced to something over twelve gallons, or enough to fill one of the sugar moulds.

When the day's boiling is completed, put the contents of tub No. 4 into a sugar mould or keg, having previously plugged the hole. Set it in a warm place, in no case colder than 60 deg. Fahrenheit, if 70 or 80 deg., so much the better. This completes the day's work.

When cold, the next day, it will be a solid mass of crystallized sugar. Then withdraw the stopper, set the mould on an earthen pot or pail; in from four to seven days the molasses will have ceased to drain out; then turn over the mould upon a clean board or table, strike the rim smartly once or twice, and the sugar will slide from the mould in a solid mass.—Break it up with a shovel, and it is fit for use. The contents of this mould should be from forty to fifty pounds of dry, yellow sugar, and about four gallons of excellent molasses will have dripped from it into the jar.

If preferred, the sugar making may here terminate; but, as the purifying power of the bone black filter is not yet exhausted, and as the whole labor and expense of preparation have been already incurred, it will be best to continue at least a second and third day.

SECOND DAY.—The process will be in all respects a repetition of the first day's work, and the result will be to fill an additional sugar mould or keg.

THIRD DAY.—The process will be a repetition of the above; but the filter being now exhausted, after the third day, it will be necessary to change the bone black. Before emptying the filter, or stopping the third day's work, however, pass cold water through the filter, which, so long as it runs sweet enough to mark 3 deg. Beaumé, is to be added to the juice of the upper joints, of which we are about to speak.

MOLASSES.—At the close of the sugar making, pass through the mill the upper joints of the canes, previously laid aside. Add to the juice the liquid portion of the scum, in third pail, together with the washings of the filter of tub No. 4, and of other utensils. Neutralize the acid with milk of lime, and test with litmus paper, as before. Clarify twice with eggs, (or blood, or milk,) but omit, if preferred, the filtering through bone black. Boil finally only to 228 deg. Fahrenheit, instead of 238 deg. Fahrenheit, as for sugar.

The product, when cool, will be about eighteen gallons of excellent syrup. From three days' work, of two hundred and forty gallons of juice—from say two thousand canes—in all there should be a total product of about one hundred and twenty-five pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds of sugar, and twenty-seven gallons molasses.

This operation being on a very small scale, and with a hand mill, is carried on under great disadvantages. The same labor on a larger scale would produce much greater results. The process and routine here given will answer for larger operations. It would be better, however, especially if the quantity is increased, to have the second or evaporating kettle of greater length and breadth, and as shallow as possible, to expedite the evaporation. A larger and longer bone black filter will also be needed.

Either sugar or molasses of good quality, but of darker color, may be made by the above process, omitting the bone black. If it be desired to make syrup only, stop the boiling at 228 deg. Fahrenheit.

If white sugar is desired, the following additional process will be necessary. On the third day after the sugar has been put into the moulds, the greater part of the molasses having drained from it, scrape off, with a knife, the crust on top of the sugar, leaving a smooth granulated surface, hollowing a little to the centre. Moisten the scrapings with cold water into a thin paste, and replace them on the sugar. Next day dissolve enough refined sugar, the whiter the better, in six quarts of water, to make a solution marking, when boiling hot, 32 deg. Beaumé. Pour one inch in depth of this solution, cold, on top of the sugar. On each of the two following days, put on a similar quantity. After the sugar ceases to drain, knock out the loaf; the upper portion will be white, the lower part light yellow. Divide the loaf and crush each portion separately.

If by any mistake, or carelessness, by burning or overboiling, or by the immaturity of the canes, the molasses does not begin to drain from the mould on the second or third day, run an awl, a large nail, or other sharp instrument, into the hole at the foot of the mould some two or three inches, and then withdraw it. If, after ten days longer in the warmest place you have, it still fails to run, put the contents into a kettle, add a little water, heat it to 228 deg. Fahrenheit, and it will make good syrup.—*Supplement to Sorgho and Imphee, by H. S. Olcott.*

SUGAR MOULD. DRAINING POT. MOULD AND POT.

CONFERRING A FAVOR.—In 1849, when the cholera broke out among the Shawnees, in what is now Eastern Kansas, they called upon Dr. Francis Barker, a Baptist missionary, for medical attendance. He rode to their relief, fifteen miles, on a dark, stormy night; and administered to them, without returning home until they were out of danger. On their recovery, the women and children of the settlement, came in a body, on horseback, to get pay for taking his medicines!!

FLORA.—Now be a good little pussy, Tommy—grand-ma is speaking to you.

CAT.—Ou-ou; ah-ci-ou-ou; sp-t, sp-t, sp-t!

SERIOUS LADY.—Flora, my child, I cannot positively allow you to keep a cat that *swears*.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 4, 14, 3, 6, is a river in Europe.
My 2, 11, 13, 14, 13, 1, are mountains in Asia.
My 3, 7, 11, 14, 3, is a lake in Lapland.
My 4, 5, 1, 2, 5, is a city in Austria.
My 5, 6, 11, 14, 8, is a county in Georgia.
My 6, 7, 11, 14, 2, is a lake in Lapland.
My 7, 6, 13, 1, 3, is a river in the United States.
My 8, 11, 8, 9, is a county in Georgia.
My 9, 7, 11, 14, 6, is a lake in Lapland.
My 10, 11, 1, 1, is a county in four of the United States.
My 11, 1, 5, 6, is a county in North Carolina.
My 12, 11, 14, is a river in the United States.
My 13, 11, 13, 4, 3, 1, is a river in South America.
My 14, 6, 8, is a river in the United States.
My whole was a Commodore in the United States Navy.

J. W. CRAMER.

Tiffin, Ohio.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 6, 5, 8, 11, 7, 1, is the passage of Venus and Mercury across the Sun's disc.
My 2, 3, 4, 7, 11, 15, 2, 3, 10, 9, is a half-globe.
My 3, 5, 6, 2, 1, is the globe on which we live.
My 4, 5, 6, 18, is one of the primary planets.
My 5, 6, 7, 9, 18, is one of the signs of the Zodiac.
My 6, 5, 7, 8, is water from the clouds.
My 7, 6, 7, 11, is one of the Asteroids.
My 8, 3, 5, 15, is a kind of tide.
My 9, 5, 18, 1, is one of the Cardinal points.
My 10, 13, 9, 14, 9, 10, is an astronomer.
My 11, 12, 18, 10, 15, 7, 13, is a sign of the Zodiac.
My 12, 5, 8, 12, 3, 10, is a sign of the Zodiac.
My 13, 6, 7, 9, 8, 1, is a poetical name for the East.
My 14, 16, 10, 12, 2, is the third month of the year.
My 15, 7, 17, 12, 3, 18, is the twelfth sign of the Zodiac.
My whole is of great use in Navigation.

"JUSTICE AND BEN."

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 19, 9, 15, 8, is a girl's name.
My 18, 3, 17, 17, 16, 14, is a girl's name.
My 17, 19, 7, 6, 11, 15, is a measure.
My 1, 2, 3, 13, is what a young lady is called.
My 4, 12, 10, is something used in playing billiards.
My 5, 17, 17, is something oval.
My 6, 14, 17, is part of the human body.
My whole is before you.

JOHN WINTER, JR.

Belleville, Ills.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a power fierce and strong,
My second it can draw along;
'Tis true you'll find:
Within my whole you well can ride,
Upon the briny ocean wide—
If you're inclined.

ALPHA.

Pequea, Pa.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have been the sole cause of many a red nose,
Yet four letters you'll find do my whole compose;
If you endeavor my first three to guess,
You'll no doubt do what they express.
My third, fourth, and first, is (as I know for aught)
What would apply to that which you've just bought;
My whole in the above is plainly set forth,
So I leave it to you for what it is worth.

J. W. CRAMER.

Tiffin, Ohio.

ANAGRAMS

ON RIVERS IN NORTH AMERICA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JOHN KENNARD, JR.

1. Yel-Hagan.
2. Niggor-Cos-Darn.
3. Dul-Crab-men.
4. King-Musum.
5. South-Kinoca.
6. Wo-ye-well-rat.
7. Dying-Bas.
8. U-name-Squash.
9. Ho-had-an-nose.
10. Tobe-C-Snoss.
11. Ned-is-some.
12. Cheap-ico.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain gentleman bought a horse, a chaise, and harness. The horse, and half the chaise and half the harness stood him $100 exact. The chaise, and half the horse and half the harness stood him $100½. And the harness, half the horse and half the chaise stood him $100½. Pray tell me the price of each by itself, and the sum of money laid out for purchasing all said three articles.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why was Lavater, the physiognomist, likely to be a good soldier? Ans.—Because he could write about face.

☞ Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old? Ans.—Because, having eyes they see not, and having ears they hear not.

☞ Why is the percussion-cap like death? Ans.—Because it is a debt-o'-natur', (*detonator.*)

☞ What is the difference between a cat and a document? Ans.—One has *clauses* at the end of its *pauses*, and the other has *pauses* at the end of its *clauses*!!!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The taming of the Shrew by Shakespeare. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Baton Rouge, Louisiana. CHARADE—Penmanship. CHARADE—Horse-shoe. CHARADE—War-ory. ANAGRAMS—Gracefulness, Dissemination, Disappointment, Occasionally, Continent, Warehousings, Prosecution, Preparatory, Contradictions, Adjourning, Counterfeiting, Intermediate. PROBLEM—17½ and 3½.

THE POWER OF MUSIC!—On the 23rd of September Havelock arrived. The battle of Kaiserbagh was fought, and the victorious band, having fought their way inch by inch, crossed the bridges and entered the city amid Hurrahs! and God bless you's! One of the incidents of the battle is noteworthy:—

"On this occasion the Highlander's piper, who had lost his way, suddenly found one of the enemy's cavalry, sabre in hand, about to cut him down. His rifle had been fired off, and he had no time to use his bayonet. 'A bright idea,' said he afterwards, when relating the story, 'struck me. All at once I seized my pipe, put it to my mouth, and gave forth a shrill tone, which so startled the fellow, that he bolted like a shot, evidently imagining it was some infernal machine. My pipe saved my life.'"